The Outlook

Vol. 76 January 9, 1904 No. 2

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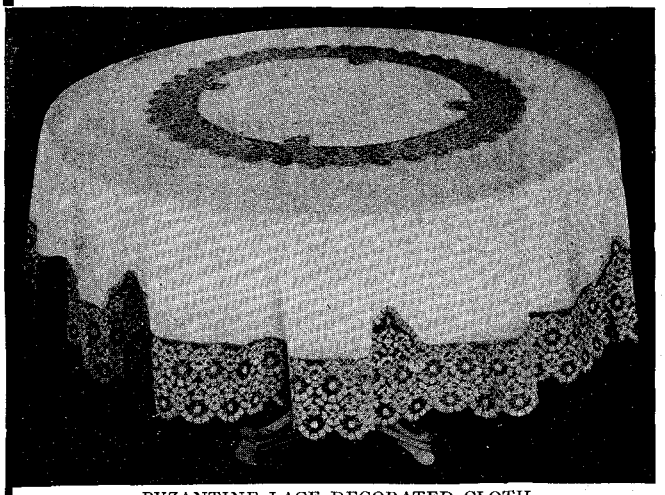

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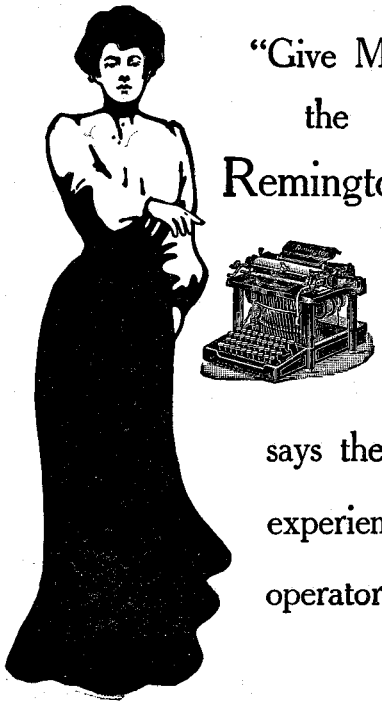

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The Chicago Calamity The Iroquois Theater disaster in Chicago on Wednesday afternoon of last week is unparalleled in the history of this country not only in the number of the victims of fire and panic (estimated at about 590 dead and not very far from 140 injured), but more particularly in the distressingly large proportion of children gathered to witness a holiday spectacle and almost instantaneously given over to death by flame or trampled ruthlessly under foot by the maddened crowd. The nearest approach in extent to this disaster in America was the burning of the Brooklyn Theater in 1876, when over 275 lives were lost, while the highest recorded loss of life by a theater fire was that of the Vienna Ring Theater in 1881, when nine hundred deaths occurred; in both of the latter-named calamities the fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp on the stage, and in both cases the theaters were badly constructed and had insufficient exits. Precisely what happened at the Iroquois Theater may never be certainly known; accounts by those in the audience and on the stage differ materially. The probability, however, is that some defect of insulation in the electric wires by which the effects in a beautiful moonlight scene were produced caused a flash of fire from which the inflammable scenery which crowded the stage caught instantly. Attempts to put out the flame by portable extinguishers failed—the extinguishers were worthless, it is said. A leading actor tried to allay the fears of the audience, but in vain. The asbestos curtain (said by some witnesses to have been of the cheapest and flimsiest kind) was bellied out like a sail by the sudden draught caused by the opened doors and rush of the audience and became caught fast. In an instant a great body of flame and gas swept over the part of the parquet near the stage and up and through the balcony and gallery. An explosion of some kind followed. Although the theater was new and expensively built, and architect and owners aver that they had spared no pains to make it safe, yet some at least of the emergency exits were locked, while one or more exits which appear on the plan did not exist. The panic was indescribable; the scenes of suffering and horror heartrending. Instances of heroism were not wanting, but there were also proofs of inhuman brutality in the fierce rush for safety. The city of Chicago became at once one vast place of mourning; the improvised morgues were filled with despairing men and women seeking their dead; New Year's festivities were instantly abandoned; a ten days' truce was declared in the existing strike of drivers and teamsters to allow the men to help in the emergency; a universal cry for the rigor of the law led to the arrest of the managers and owners of the theater, and a thorough sifting of evidence before the Coroner's Jury will probably be followed by criminal proceedings. One commendable result of the excitement was the order by Mayor Harrison closing peremptorily eighteen Chicago theaters which have not complied with the ordinances as to asbestos curtains, exits with red lights, and other precautions. Many of these theaters were evidently very much inferior in their construction and arrangements to the burned Iroquois Theater. In an editorial in another place we discuss the general problem of precautions against such frightful disasters by fire, and the duty of municipal officers, inspectors,

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and of the people themselves, who, in the last resort, have the power of compelling managers to furnish safeguards by refusing to patronize unsafe theaters. In New York City the laws seem, on the whole, to be rather unusually stringent, yet Fire Commissioner Sturgis complains that the courts have not sustained him in trying to prevent managers from allowing the passages to be blocked by "standees" (one thousand more tickets than there were seats were sold lately for a "Parsifal" performance, it is said), and that the ordinances are defied in the construction and arrangement of many theaters.

❀

Not a Representative Southerner

The New York "Tribune" has a curious article entitled "The Rake's Progress," in which it quotes Mr. Lamar as saying in 1876, "in one of his greatest speeches," "You have given the black race the most delicate, the most dangerous, as well as the most sacred of all privileges. Let that privilege be maintained inviolably; but give him real freedom, and do not make him the janizary of party tyranny." And it quotes ex-Governor Russell, of North Carolina, as saying a week or two ago:

> The truth is, the negro is going to fare best and be happiest when his position is most subordinate. Financial and industrial equality is as bad in the eyes of the whites as social equality. The negro who gets very prosperous is to be pitied, for straightway he is in a situation where danger confronts him. Let him but own a fine farm, blooded horses and cattle, and dare to ride in a carriage, and if I were an insurance agent I wouldn't make out a policy on his life. In plain English, to get above his ordained station in life is, generally speaking, to invite assassination.

The "Tribune" implies that the South has progressed since 1876 from the position of Mr. Lamar's speech to that attributed to the South by Mr. Russell. But it does not accompany these reports with a statement of the significant fact that Mr. Lamar had been a secessionist and was to the last hour of his life a typical Southerner, and that Mr. Russell was elected Governor of North Carolina by a combination of Republican and Populist votes, that he owed his election largely to the votes of negroes, and that he is still designated as "Republican." To quote the statement of such a man as representing correctly public sentiment in the South is about as legitimate as to quote the sentiments of Lucy Parsons as the representative of the social and industrial opinions of the city of Chicago. Indeed, what ex-Governor Russell says regarding the standing of the prosperous negro in the South is exactly contrary to the facts. If the New York "Tribune" wants to give its readers the public sentiment of North Carolina, it should quote from some of the speeches of Charles B. Aycock, who was elected Governor of that State in 1901, as the result of a campaign conducted by him in which he advocated equal educational privileges for black and white.

❀

General Longstreet

The death last Saturday of General James Longstreet removes the most distinguished of the survivors among the Confederate commanders. It is true that his exact merits as a soldier had been in later years somewhat questioned among his own people, but, on the other hand, the claim has been made by General Longstreet's friends that this was the result of his political action after the war. Mrs. Longstreet, indeed, has quite recently (and we think since General Longstreet's death) made public a statement in which she says that the charge that General Longstreet was responsible for the loss of the battle of Gettysburg and the ultimate fall of the Confederate cause was an outcome of political enmity. She adds:

> He was a West Pointer, a professional soldier; he had never cast a ballot before the Civil War; he had no politics; its passions and prejudices had no dwelling-place in his mind. The war was over, and he quietly accepted the result, fraternizing with all Americans. It was no great crime. But the peculiar circumstances favored the conspiracy to make Longstreet the long-desired scapegoat for Gettysburg. There was an ulterior and deeper purpose, however, than merely besmirching his military record. Shortsighted partisans seemingly argued that the disparagement of Longstreet was necessary to save the military reputation of Lee. But Lee's great fame needed no such sacrifice.

James Longstreet was born in South Carolina eighty-two years ago. His first

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active service after graduating at West Point was in the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself in several battles, commanded a company at Monterey, and was wounded at Chapultepec. Promotion followed, and he had the rank of major when the Civil War broke out. Like General Lee, General Longstreet believed that his cause was with his State, although he had never been a radical secessionist. He soon rose to prominence as a commander on the Confederate side, was made major-general in 1862, and took part in such important engagements as the two battles of Manassas or Bull Run, Yorktown, Malvern Hill, and Gaines's Mill. At Antietam he commanded the Confederate right wing, at Fredericksburg the left. When the Confederate invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania took place, one of the three corps engaged was assigned to General Longstreet, and at the critical battle of Gettysburg he opposed General Sickles's forces for two days with brilliant courage and firmness. Later on he was sent by General Lee to reinforce General Bragg in Tennessee, and arrived just in time to support the Confederate forces at Chickamauga. When it is added that General Longstreet fought Burnside in East Tennessee, was wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness, commanded the defenses at Richmond north of the James, and was present at General Lee's capitulation, it will be seen that his part in the battles of the Civil War was extraordinary in the number of important actions at far removed points included. After the war General Longstreet declared that for him reconstruction took place with the surrender of his sword, that he believed the cause of secession was irrevocably lost, and that the best way for him to aid in the re-establishing of desirable conditions in the South was to enter into sympathy with the General Government. The fact that General Longstreet acted with the Republican party and accepted an appointment as an internal revenue agent made him, for a time at least, extremely unpopular; but he is on record as saying that as time went on he saw continually more and more indications that "freedom of thought and freedom of suffrage" were gaining ground. General Longstreet was appointed Minister to Turkey by President Hayes, while President Garfield made him United States Marshal for Georgia, where he had resided for some years after the war, and later on he was appointed United States Commissioner of Railroads, to succeed General Wade Hampton.

❀

Faithful Service The recent death of Henry Livingston Thomas, for twenty-eight years chief translator to the State Department, with which he had been connected in all thirty-four years, calls attention to the fact that there are in the public employ a not inconsiderable number of men absolutely unknown to the public, quite removed from the sphere of politics, who render faithful, expert, even indispensable service. We hear so much of rogues in office, of place-seekers and time-servers, of sensation-mongers and political plotters, that it is refreshing to turn to the record of a man like Mr. Thomas, and to award him, and those like him, the praise due to a scholar, a gentleman, and in a true sense a patriot. Mr. Thomas had made a life-study of languages, says a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and knew nearly all except Chinese, Japanese, Russian, and Hungarian—knew them, moreover, as a scholar in literature and grammar, with power to write as well as to speak. An instance of his reputation as an expert is found in the fact that a court once accepted his definition of a rare modern Greek word, on the meaning of which a criminal charge hinged, although several Greeks declared he was wrong; while once he detected an important error in a treaty because his knowledge of Spanish was better than that of the South American envoy who drafted the treaty. As a classical scholar of the old-fashioned type also, Mr. Thomas was exceptionally cultivated, and his private collection of books in all languages was extraordinary both in quality and quantity. In many ways a man of such attainments could make himself almost indispensable in the dealings of our State Department with the nations of the earth. And if

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he did not have the meed of popular applause and political reputation, he certainly had the satisfaction of quiet and modest usefulness.

❀

A Good Example The New York "Sun" is our authority for the statement that the Schuylkill County courts have decided to raise the educational standard for applicants for naturalization papers, to refuse such papers to any applicant who took part in the riots during the miners' strike last year, and to instruct them that it is their duty never to interfere with men who want to work. This appears to us an excellent example for other courts to follow. Men who league together to break laws are not men to be intrusted with the authority to make laws. It would be entirely legitimate to provide by legislation that any man convicted of taking part in a riot should be disfranchised, and that no man so convicted should receive naturalization papers. It is also clear to us that it would be legitimate to establish a higher standard both of moral and educational qualification than has been maintained in the past, before admitting aliens to the privileges and prerogatives of citizenship.

❀

R. H. Thurston Dr. Robert Henry Thurston, Director of the College of Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University, who died at his home in Ithaca on his sixty-fourth birthday, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1839. He spent much of his childhood and youth in the workshops of his father's establishment, devoting himself especially to the building of steam-engines. He was graduated from Brown University in 1859, entered his father's firm and spent some time as designing engineer. Two years later he joined the Engineer Corps of the United States Navy, serving on various fleets during the war, was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the United States Naval Academy from 1866 to 1871, became Professor of Engineering at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, and eighteen years ago resigned that position to become Director of Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering in Cornell University. Dr. Thurston was an expert of very high standing in his department. He was employed on many Government commissions, was a member of American and European societies, and had held many positions of distinction and honor in his profession. He had mechanical insight and skill in high degree, was enthusiastic in his chosen field, a prolific writer on many technical subjects, and combined with these qualities unusual power of organization. Dr. Andrew D. White, during whose administration at Cornell University Dr. Thurston went to that institution, said of him that, of all men he had ever met, Dr. Thurston had the most astonishing ability for work. In addition to his duties as college director he put forth a large amount of admirable matter in the form of books, magazine articles, and contributions to reviews. Dr. Thurston achieved very high distinction in his profession, and will be greatly missed by his associates, the University, and a host of friends.

❀

A Notable Priest The death of Father Deshon, Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul at Columbus Avenue and Sixtieth Street, New York City, removes a man not widely known outside his own communion and the section in which he worked, but very widely honored by all who knew his personal qualities and his services. Educated at West Point, in the class with General Grant, and for ten years an officer in the regular army, Father Deshon's soldierly qualities commanded the attention of General Grant, who predicted for him a notably successful career. He left the army, however, to study for the priesthood, was ordained in 1855, and began his ministerial work in the mission service of the Redemptorists. When the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle was formed, also primarily for mission work, Father Deshon joined the new order, and on the death of Father Hewit, a distinguished Paulist, became the Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers. The Church of St. Vincent de Paul holds a strategic point

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in the city. The parish to which it ministers numbers about twelve thousand souls, and constitutes a community by itself. To that community the Paulist Fathers have dedicated themselves, and have become a religious and moral force of the highest importance in the religious and civic life of the city. They have greatly modified the character of the community in which they work, constituting themselves, by direct and by indirect influence, a force for law and order of the very highest importance. If the church were Protestant, it would be known as an institutional church. Its work is carried on in a devotional atmosphere, its sermons are preached to great congregations, and it touches intimately the life of a host of people. Father Deshon had cast in his fortunes with the little group of Paulist Fathers who are working for religion and practical righteousness on the West Side of New York City at a point of strategic importance; and, as the head of that group of men, he has rendered a service which the city ought not to forget.

❀

Mayor McClellan's Appointments

The minor appointments of Mayor McClellan first announced indicated that he was distributing his official patronage between the two elements in the New York Democracy pretty much in proportion to their size—making two or three appointments satisfactory to the machine to one satisfactory to the independent Democrats. His more important appointments, however, and particularly those announced just before he entered upon his office on January 1, showed in at least two cases a higher regard for the demand of public opinion that the men appointed to public office should possess the confidence of the entire public. The first of these welcome appointments was that of ex-Secretary of the Navy McAdoo to succeed General Greene as Police Commissioner. Here, the public felt, was a man of proved efficiency, who had shown his independence of party by twice voting for President McKinley, and who could not afford to tarnish his own reputation by having his administration marked by a revival of graft. Unfortunately, these high anticipations have already been lowered by Commissioner McAdoo's action in appointing as his first deputy a former inspector (McAvoy) who was retired under charge of grafting after the famous Lexow investigation. But other appointments of Mayor McClellan to the highest positions under his control have given better promise of a desire not to revert to Van Wyck standards of administration. For the Tenement-House Commissionership, the post in which reformers most feared a disastrous abandonment of the gains made under Mayor Low, Mayor McClellan has appointed ex-Chamberlain Crain, the best of the Tammany candidates for the position. In the Charities Department, where Commissioner Folks's retirement is a great public loss, Mr. Tully has yet to prove his fitness, for of him the most that is known is that he has shown executive ability as a sub-leader in Brooklyn politics. The appointment of Mr. Best as Bridge Commissioner is hardly promising, in view of the fact that Mr. Best is without experience, is believed to owe his position to the influence of street railways, and displaces an experienced and highly educated engineer. For Street Commissioner, despite insistent clamor and protest from the Tammany machine, Mayor McClellan continued in office Dr. Woodbury, whose pronounced Democratic preferences in selecting his subordinates under Mayor Low's administration had made him peculiarly acceptable to Mayor McClellan. Though Dr. Woodbury's record may not have been one of the triumphs of the Low administration, it was creditable enough to make his continuance in office regarded generally as a distinct gain for the right principles of city administration. For Commissioner of Health to succeed Dr. Lederle Mayor McClellan has selected Dr. Thomas Darlington, who has been surgeon to the New Croton Aqueduct and connected, as member of the Board, or as consulting, attending, or visiting physician, with various hospitals, and in the community in which he lives is esteemed a public-spirited man, pre-eminently worthy to fill the position. Best

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of all, however, in strengthening confidence in the new Mayor were the just words he addressed to Mayor Low when welcomed at his new post: "If I be spared to live out my term of office, I can wish for no better fortune than that I should leave the City Hall held in as high and affectionate esteem as you are."

❀

Social Pride and Race Suicide

The vital statistics recently published in Massachusetts show a lower birth-rate than ever before, but, happily, a lower death-rate also. The birth-rate has slowly fallen from 29 per thousand people in 1855 to 24½ in 1902; the death-rate more slowly, from 18⅓ in 1855 to 16 1-6 in 1902. The population is still increasing nearly one per cent. a year (apart from immigration), but this natural increase, as has been observed for many years back, is among the families in which the parents are of foreign birth. This year's figures, according to an analysis made by Mr. Prescott F. Hall, of the Immigration Restriction League, show that the same tendencies that have so long asserted themselves among the old American stock are now becoming similarly pronounced among the Irish-Americans. Mr. Hall acutely observes that the controlling factor in this matter seems to be less one of race than of social position. So long as native Americans performed the manual labor of their respective communities, their families were large. When the Irish pushed in to perform these tasks, and many forms of manual labor came to be looked upon as in some sense menial, the size of the native American families decreased. With one or two children to educate, American parents were able to keep them above the so-called menial occupations. With large families, their children would be obliged to work with their hands more than was thought respectable. During the present generation, the new immigration from Canada and Continental Europe has pushed the more enterprising of the Irish up in the social scale in the same way that native Americans had been pushed up when the Irish came in to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Far more than any other immigrants, as a recent State census clearly showed, the Irish are making their way forward into the ranks of contractors, merchants, and professional men—even outside of politics. With this social advance the size of their families has fallen. The number of children in Irish families of the second and third generation is not nearly so great as it was in the first. The conclusion drawn from the whole matter seems to be that while the flood of immigrants from the more backward races has brought material gains to a considerable part of the old Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Celtic population, yet the preponderance of these race elements in American civilization is being weakened in the process—even more than the mere number of the new immigrants would indicate.

❀

The Australian Elections

The Commonwealth Parliamentary elections in Australia recently did not give the expected verdict upon the policy of preferential trade with Great Britain, for instead of proving a sharply defined contest between protectionists and free-traders, the signal feature of the campaign's close was the great strength developed by the labor party, which practically ignored the fiscal issue. Its demands were for the exclusion of Chinese and other so-called "alien" labor from Australia, and for the extension of State control of industrial activities along the lines of limiting hours, preventing disputes, and securing State competition or even monopoly in easily monopolized lines of business. The gains of the labor party were largely at the expense of the protectionists, but this, it appears, was almost wholly due to the fact that the labor party naturally developed its strength in the industrial centers where protectionism has been strongest. According to a cablegram from Melbourne the labor party is strongly protectionist, and "its attitude in regard to preferential trade will be to heighten the wall against the foreigner without lowering it in favor of Great Britain." The gains of the labor party are the more surprising because it is

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only a short time since it distinctly lost its previous hold on public confidence by its untenable demand for the complete unionization of the employees on the State railroads. Last week's gains are accounted for in one widely printed despatch by the alleged radicalism of the women's vote. This explanation may be correct, but it is not to be relied upon without confirmatory evidence. Woman's suffrage has been established in parts of Australasia for nearly a decade, and hitherto, according to both Conservative and Liberal testimony, it has been strikingly difficult to determine in what way women's votes have affected the elections.

❀

The Dreyfus Case Last week the Commission appointed by M. Vallé, Minister of Justice in the French Cabinet, to determine upon the advisability of reopening the Dreyfus case reported in favor of such reopening. This news will be greeted by all friends of law and order, not only in France, but throughout the world. It is not too much to say that no case before a court martial was ever followed with more intense interest than was that of the French captain accused of betraying the secrets of his profession to the enemy. Much of the supposed evidence for his conviction has been shown to be worthless, and the real culprit has long since been discovered. In the face of the facts produced at the second court martial, the prisoner of Devil's Isle was recondemned, not again, it is true, to the incarceration in which he had suffered tortures of body and mind, but to another sentence of "guilty," which continued his degradation from army rank. Fortunately, the case is now in civil, not military, hands. It is before the Court of Cassation, which requires three months' time to pass on the appeal to it.

❀

The Eastern Chinese Railway A Russian merchant who has recently come from eastern Siberia through Manchuria reports that the Eastern Chinese Railway has not proved, thus far, to be a paying investment. Although Dalny, its eastern terminus, is a free port, the goods brought in there for the Manchurian market are not sufficient in quantity to make a profitable business, and the road is not earning enough to pay its fixed charges. In view of this fact, the Russian authorities have recently been permitting imported goods in large quantities to go duty-free from Dalny not only into Manchuria, but into eastern Siberia, where they come into competition with similar goods imported by way of Nikolaevsk and Vladivostok. As the two ports last named are not free, foreign commodities landed there must pay duties; and the merchants who own them must sell them at a ruinous sacrifice in order to compete at all with goods brought in duty-free by way of Manchuria. Thus, in order to develop the commerce of Dalny, and make freight business for the railway, the government is sacrificing—temporarily at least—the interests of its other Pacific ports, and ruining the trade of merchants in the valley of the Amur, whose goods have paid customs duties at Nikolaevsk or Vladivostok, and therefore cannot successfully compete with similar goods brought into the same market duty-free by way of Dalny and the Eastern Chinese Railway. If the facts are as stated by the Russian merchant, they furnish a curious and interesting illustration of Russian administrative methods, and of the way in which private interests in one place are sacrificed, without right or justice, in order to promote a policy that is regarded as more important in another.

❀

Russia and Japan A well-known Russian officer, who has spent most of his life in the Far East, who has had intimate personal relations with Admiral Alexiev, and is in a position to know the real views of the higher Russian authorities with regard to Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, said recently, in reply to questions put to him by a friend, "No; we did not intend to evacuate Manchuria; and who ever supposed that we would? We made certain conditional agreements, it is true, but they were only diplomatic promises, and never really amounted to anything. Our interests in the Far East are too important to be sacrificed at this stage of the pro-

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ceedings, and we shall stay there, even at the risk of war with Japan. The Japanese lost their best chance two years ago. They were then much stronger than we were, both at sea and on land, and if they had attacked us at that time they might have made us a lot of trouble; but now the conditions and chances are more equal. We do not, however, underestimate their offensive power. I saw the Peking campaign; I know the Japanese well, from long intercourse with them, and it is my judgment that they surpass us in every respect except one. In organization they are far ahead of us; their commissariat, their transportation facilities, and their hospital service are much better than ours; they are equal to us in fighting capacity, and they excel us in quickness of movement and mobility generally; but they haven't our endurance and staying power. They will fight splendidly at first, but they won't last, and if it comes to a struggle we shall wear them out. Do we want Korea? Of course we want it, but whether we shall get it now or not remains to be seen. Dalny is not a satisfactory port, and we hope to obtain a better one further south; but we can wait a while for it if necessary. We shall not fight now unless we are forced to do so by an aggressive movement on the part of Japan."

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The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster

By the dedication of the new Cathedral at Westminster in London on December 29 the Roman Catholics of England have emerged from what has been to them, as it were, an era of homelessness. To people who are surrounded with ancient buildings, abbeys, cathedrals, and churches, which in their opinion were wrested from the see of Rome, the existence of this new cathedral, the first of its kind to be erected in the archdiocese since the Reformation, is a source of pride incomprehensible to minds unacquainted with the position of English Roman Catholics. The dedication was celebrated with great pomp; nobles and gentlemen, robed priests and monks, and a great multitude of people of all classes filled the new edifice; the service of dedication was, of course, in Latin, but it followed the ritual of the Church in England before the Reformation; the music was the ancient plain-song, and was chosen from old manuscripts in the British Museum. The dedication was accompanied by the enthronement of the new Archbishop, the Most Rev. Francis Bourne, successor of Cardinal Vaughan. The Cathedral is not Gothic, as might be expected, but Byzantine in in architecture. In marble, granite, and onyx it is lavish; in color, unlike the neutral tints of the English cathedrals generally; in dimensions, spacious and symmetrical. Nevertheless, the impression which it makes is rather of display than of beauty.

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The Prussian Church on Dueling, etc.

Apologies for dueling could hardly have been expected from a church synod in our time, but in the recent General Synod of the State Church of Prussia a resolution condemning dueling as "sinful" was opposed by a large minority, both lay and clerical. Count Storch, while reprobating murder, vindicated dueling from the Scriptures. He is said to have referred to Exodus xxi. as condoning homicide under certain conditions. Some clergymen regarded dueling as a measure of self-defense which may be lawful under great provocation. To this it was rejoined that such arguments played into the hands of the enemies of Christianity. The resolution was carried by a good majority, but the opposition it encountered has caused wide regret in Germany. It is thought that political considerations were involved, as the Kaiser is known to stand by this relic of barbarism. The Synod is professedly an orthodox body, and its division on a theological question was scarcely less remarkable than on the question of dueling. Men who are alleged to be "agnostics" have been appointed, time after time, to theological professorships in the universities, and protests have been heard that could not be ignored. Accordingly a resolution was introduced intended as a compromise between the strict adher-

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ents to creed statements and the claimants of unrestricted liberty for critical thought. In this resolution the Synod unanimously professes faith in Jesus Christ the Son of God, crucified and risen for us, the only hope of salvation; and hopes that only men so believing will be nominated to theological chairs. But nearly one-third, thirty-one per cent., of the votes cast were in the negative, a result which can hardly bring peace of mind to the preponderating party.

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Robert College The value of Robert College in Constantinople to the cause of civilization has often been recognized in The Outlook. This power has been in large measure due to the courage, wisdom, and tact of its President, Dr. Washburn. It was eminently proper, therefore, that the Trustees of Robert College, in recently accepting the resignation of Dr. Washburn of the presidency, should express their appreciation of his services in developing the institution from a small school of precarious existence into a college known and respected all over the world. As the Trustees say, Dr. Washburn's faith has never wavered, and he has met repeated and formidable opposition with diplomacy and has won the confidence even of those who were at first the enemies of the College. It is now over thirty-five years since Dr. Washburn first became connected with Robert College, and in this time the number of students has increased from a mere handful to considerably over three hundred. Among these students are to be found Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and even the recent troubles in Macedonia have not kept away the Bulgarian teachers and students. Dr. Washburn is to be succeeded by a man he himself chose for the work, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Gates, who was formerly President of the Euphrates College at Harpoot. Dr. Gates has not only had experience as an educator, but is particularly well acquainted with the conditions of Eastern life and with the circumstances of Robert College, its sources of strength and its long-continued policy of moderation and wisdom. Under his administration the prospects of the College are of the best.

A Charming Play Among the plays now being presented in this city a first place must be given, in point of interest and quality, to Mr. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." If all plays were as wholesome, as witty, and as refreshing as this, much of the criticism of the theater would be groundless. Unfortunately, very few plays are at the same time so entertaining and so wholesome. The play is, like many other things which Mr. Barrie has done, an extravaganza; but it is not, as most stage extravaganzas are, a burlesque touched with vulgarity; it is one of those charming creations which express the playing mood of the imagination. It is a reversal of social conditions, and, by means of the gentlest and most indirect satire, touches lightly but surely some of the absurdities, inconsistencies, and a great deal of the snobbishness of society as now ordered. The family of an English nobleman, by the wrecking of a yacht, is cast on an island with no other companionship than that of two servants. In the course of three years one of these servants, the butler, shows himself the only man who has the force, the intelligence, and the inventiveness to deal with the situation. He becomes the supreme man of the island, and the others become his attendants. The pathos of the situation is instantly borne home when the gun of a steamer is heard at the end of three years and touch with civilization restores the old conditions. Mr. Barrie, who is always unexpected and often witty, fills his play with charming lines, with those surprises and that by-play of the imagination which are always refreshing. Such plays as this, like its predecessors, "The Little Minister" and "Quality Street," by no means represent the highest dramatic achievement or the breadth of interest which the stage ought to serve; but they suggest the quality which interests and amuses, while at the same time it refreshes and stimulates.

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Women in German Universities The opening of the University of Munich to women is an important event because it marks the first concession to women of full student

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rights in Germany. Hitherto no women have been permitted to matriculate. It is true that in several universities women have been allowed to attend lectures and in rare cases have even been permitted to take degrees on examination with the special consent of the faculties concerned, this award, of course, being a very exceptional thing in the general system of German university education. The action of the rector and Senate of the University of Munich, therefore, is radical and may be far-reaching. Women, whether Germans or foreigners, are to be received at Munich on precisely the same terms as men—that is, by regular matriculation to such as possess the *abituria* of the German gymnasia, but in the case of foreigners credit for degrees received at home and special work done there will be given. The latter are to be admitted only as hearers, and, with consent of the faculty, they may finally come up for a degree, but they will not be conceded the rights accorded to that class of German women students having the gymnasial *abituria*. This notable step in German education will probably have the effect of attracting to Munich many women students from foreign countries, America, Switzerland, and Russia in particular. But the principal importance of the Munich decision is in the elevation of German women themselves to an educational status which they have never before enjoyed.

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Syro-Americans Syrians discovered America in 1876 at the Philadelphia Exposition. Their hard conditions—political, economic, and religious—under Turkish rule have stimulated a large immigration of the Christian population of Syria, of whom in the last two years about 9,000 entered the port of New York. Syrians are found in all parts of the country, especially in cheap retail business, but they are most numerous in the North Atlantic States—nearly 2,500 in Greater New York. The first scientific study of any of the foreign populations of the city is a portrait of the Syrian colony contributed to "Federation" by Mr. Lucius Hopkins Miller, for three years a resident of Syria, and now of Union Theological Seminary. Summarizing its general features, it appears that the Syrian is a thoroughly desirable immigrant. The police have no fault to find with him, teachers praise his children as good and diligent pupils, and business men commend him as reliable in his dealings. While largely occupied as peddlers and factory operatives, Syrians show capacity for administrative work and wholesale business. Some become very prosperous financially. Many are well educated, and facile in modern languages. "The average New York Syrian is more religious than the average New York American." Eight sects exist among them, mostly Catholic, with four churches. A small number of Protestants, some of whom are connected with city churches, hold Sunday evening services in Arabic at 95 Washington Street, Manhattan. Considerable missionary work among Syrians is done by Protestants, and there is need of a campaign of education, though the lowest Syrian homes average better than those of the lowest Italians, Irish, and Polaks.

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The President on the Panama Affair

President Roosevelt's special Message on the Panama Canal Treaty, laid before Congress at its reassembling on Monday, January 4, ought to be read carefully by all citizens of the United States who desire to get an accurate, full, and judicial history of the events which, partly owing to the fragmentary way in which they have necessarily been reported, partly owing to the partisanship which has misinterpreted them, have been in some quarters so greatly misunderstood. His message appears to us to answer adequately all the questions asked by Senator Hoar in the resolution presented by him and still pending in the Senate. He gives explicit denial to the charge that the United States Government had any complicity in promoting the Panama revolution, explains fully how it acquired its knowledge that a revolution was impending,

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describes the proceedings which it took to protect the free transit of the railroad and the lives and property of American citizens, fully justifies the charge that Colombia in her rejection of the treaty was scheming to confiscate the property rights of the French owners of the Canal, and confirms the suggestion made by Assistant Secretary Loomis in his recent address, that, if the United States had allowed this plan to be carried out, serious entanglements with France would have inevitably ensued. In the main, this message gives the history of events as The Outlook has given them, but with a continuity impossible to us in successive weekly issues, and with a completeness impossible to us in the imperfection of our knowledge.

We have already called the attention of our readers to the fact that as long ago as August 22 The Outlook foretold the possibility of a revolution in Panama. The President quotes from successive articles in the Washington "Post," the New York "Herald," and the New York "Times," in different issues from August 31 to November 2, not only foretelling the impending revolution, but describing the measures which were being taken to prepare it. It was in anticipation of this impending revolution that instructions were given to naval commanders in the vicinity to prevent the landing of any armed force with hostile intent, *either government or insurgent*, at any point within fifty miles of Panama—an order in the line of orders given at previous times in anticipation of disorder on the Isthmus, but certainly carrying intervention further than it had ever before been carried. It was in consequence of the telegram to the Associated Press in Washington stating that a revolutionary outbreak had occurred that Acting Secretary Loomis cabled to the consuls at Panama and at Colon for information, before the uprising actually occurred. It was in accordance with general orders received from Washington that Commander Hubbard landed troops for the protection of Americans at Colon, and recalled them when that protection was no longer required; that he refused to allow troops of either party to be moved in either direction on the railroad; that he prevented a body of the revolutionists from landing at Colon; that—and this fact is new to us—he prevented the passage of Government troops from Colon to Panama, when the Panamese desired the permission to be given, because they had at Panama a force of insurgents more than double the number of the Colombian forces and expected to take them prisoners. In short, the attitude of Commander Hubbard throughout was, to quote his own words, "strictly neutral as between the two parties, my only purpose being to protect the lives and property of American citizens, and to preserve the free and uninterrupted transit of the Isthmus."

The President characteristically gives full credit to Commander Hubbard for the promptness of his action, and assumes full responsibility for its results. The action of the Administration is thus summed up by the President in a few brief sentences:

> We, in effect, policed the Isthmus in the interest of its inhabitants and of our own National needs, and for the good of the entire civilized world. Failure to act as the Administration acted would have meant great waste of life, great suffering, great destruction of property; all of which was avoided by the firmness and prudence with which Commander Hubbard carried out his orders and prevented either party from attacking the other. Our action was for peace both of Colombia and of Panama.

So much for the history. As to the principles involved, the President affirms, as The Outlook has affirmed, the validity and propriety of the general rule "that a State should not be recognized as independent until it has shown its ability to maintain its independence;" but also, as The Outlook has maintained, that "the rule is subject to exceptions, and there are clear and imperative reasons why a departure from it was justified and even required in the present instance. These reasons embrace, first, our treaty rights; second, our National interests and safety; and, third, the interests of collective civilization." Our treaty rights make it our duty to protect the free transit of the Isthmus, and, if necessary for that purpose, to protect the Isthmus itself from the disturbances

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of civil war. Our National interests require the construction of an interoceanic ship canal, without further indefinite delays, such as the action of Colombia threatened. A quotation from a report of the majority of the Panama Canal Committee to the Colombian Senate, October 14, gives an official verification of the statement which The Outlook has heretofore made, that Colombia was seeking to confiscate the property of the French canal owners and secure that property for itself. The interests of civilization quite as much as our National interests demand the construction of this interoceanic canal, and the action of foreign governments makes it clear that it is the duty of America to undertake this work for the civilized world, as our interests make it clear that we can allow no other civilized government to undertake it. Finally, Panama has now been recognized as an independent government by most of the great world powers—France, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Nicaragua, Peru, China, Cuba, Great Britain, Italy, Costa Rica, Japan, and Austria-Hungary. The question before this Government, therefore, "is not that of the recognition of Panama as an independent republic; that is already an accomplished fact. The question, and the only question, is whether or not we shall build an Isthmian canal."

Both with the history of the Panama affair, as given so fully by the President, and with the arguments based thereon for the justice of our National action, readers of The Outlook are reasonably familiar. We find nothing in this Message which does not confirm our weekly narrative, nor anything in it which is really necessary to make that narrative complete, though much of added interest. When the newspaper criticisms, written in such haste, of public action charged with being hasty are forgotten, this state paper will remain a notable contribution to American history and a convincing demonstration that in its action in Panama the Administration has acted alike with justice and with discretion. It is to be hoped that Congress will follow the example which has been set, and that the Senate will promptly ratify the treaty for the construction of a Panama canal with the only power which is competent to make such a treaty, and thus show itself as ready as the President to serve the interests of the people of the Isthmus, the people of the United States, and the people of the whole civilized world.

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Japan and Russia

The seizure last week by Japan of the Seoul-Fusan railway, crossing two-thirds of Korea, the assembling of the Japanese fleet ready to sail for Korea, and the hasty purchase of foreign battle-ships in England and Italy, are events which, while they do not necessarily mean war, are distinctly warlike.

As in 1895, Korea is the subject of conflict. The Chino-Japanese war nine years ago, undertaken on account of the challenging of Japanese interests in Korea, meant that a small nation, in territory and population, which had only recently clothed itself with a modern and popular form of government, was measuring its apparently slender strength against a vast empire of four million square miles and four hundred million people. To the world's surprise, the Japanese defeated their foe promptly, brilliantly, decisively.

The Russo-Japanese imbroglio of the present year means that the same small but determined nation of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand square miles and nearly fifty million people is ready, if need be, to measure its strength against the largest of land empires, which is also a sea-power of no mean strength—with over eight million square miles of territory and over a hundred and forty million people. It is a case of David and Goliath, and it may have a similar ending. For, first of all, vastness of territory is a decided disadvantage when one considers the necessity for compactness in the disposition of soldiers and supplies. Secondly, a struggle for Korea would be largely a sea-fight, and Japan's sea-strength consists first in a splendid strategic position geographically, next in an abundant base of supplies (especially coal) close at hand, and lastly in superior displace-

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ment, tonnage, speed, equipment, and marksmanship to the Russian navy. As Russia is proportionately powerful on land, the result of an armed Russo-Japanese conflict might go far to determine which of the two departments of defense—the army or the navy—is the more vital to any nation.

The chief result of the present conflict, whether of diplomacy or arms, will, we confidently expect, be commercial. Both the Russian and the Japanese ambitions regarding Korea are legitimate. Certainly neither may be set down, we think, as abnormal land-hunger; they are primarily for the enlargement of spheres of trade influence rather than for the annexation of territory.

If Russia's progress across Europe and Asia has been unhasting, it has been unresting. There is no more impressive exhibition of a glacier-like encroachment than Russia's slow but seemingly resistless expansion. Yet it has been and is lamentably incomplete. What shall it profit Russia to gain all the Asian hinterland but lose the ports? Who can blame Russians for dissatisfaction as they regard Scandinavia blocking the way to Atlantic harbors, Constantinople checking egress to the Mediterranean, Anglo-Indian strength supporting Persia in keeping the Russians away from a port on the Persian Gulf, and, finally, China and Korea, backed by Anglo-Japanese influence, as obstacles to acquiring ice-free ports on the Pacific? For, in getting control of Manchuria, Russia has not realized her expectation of holding such ports on the Pacific coast. It is said that the new breakwater at Dalny, for instance, has choked that port with ice. It is not surprising, then, that the Russians long more than ever to go further south, that they covet the Chinese ports of Taku and Chifu, above all, the Korean ports of Yongampho, Chemulpho, Mokpho, Masampho, Fusan, and Gensan, as giving not only valued opportunities for trade, but also for defense against Japan, and as affording a continuous line of coast fortifications between Vladivostok to the north in Siberia to Port Arthur on the tip of the Manchurian peninsula.

But the aggressions of Russia in Manchuria have brought her in direct collision with those who want to have a hand in deciding whether freedom or exclusion of trade is to prevail in that peculiarly potential domain of international trade. Japan and America, for instance, recently demanded the opening of new treaty ports in Manchuria and Korea, not alone for their own trade, but for that of all nations on equal terms with themselves. Russia resists these demands, first in the Chinese province of Manchuria, over which she now holds practical sway, ignoring her promise to evacuate, on the plea of non-pacification—a plea which undoubtedly seems, we suppose, just as valid to many honest Russians as it seems invalid and specious to many Japanese, Englishmen, and Americans. The Japanese have not receded, so far as is definitely known, from their claim that, owing to the preponderance of their trade in Manchuria and their ignominious expulsion in 1895 from that province, conquered by them in war, they possess now the right to a voice in the settlement of questions connected with the Russian occupation.

It is probable, however, that the Japanese claim as regards Manchuria could be adjusted, but for the astonishing fact that Russia resists the Japano-American demands also in Korea, an independent country which she expects one day to make practically her own as is Manchuria now. Moreover, according to persistent and uncontradicted reports, Russia would even close Masampho and Mokpho, Korean ports already assured by treaty to international trade. In this commercial rivalry the sympathies of England and America are of course with Japan in the conflict, which quickly became grave as soon as Russia's magnificent movement eastward crossed the Korean boundary. Japanese trade ideals are necessary to world commerce. Russia's are contrary to its development. Hence the Powers could calmly see the absorption by Russia of Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, Kansu, Shansi, Shensi, and even of the metropolitan Chinese province Chili—a total territory twenty times as great as Korea, but which is not vitally necessary to

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Japan—rather than the absorption of Korea, which is vitally necessary. When Russia wrung from the weak Korean monarch a vast lumber concession covering the valleys of the Yalu and its tributaries, Japan naturally took alarm. For many generations Japanese commercial and political influence has dominated Korea. Japan proposes to retain that influence, and thus resists a concession which puts all North Korea at Russia's mercy. In addition, Korea is necessary to Japan for the latter's overflow population. By far the greater part of Japan is unproductive of food, yet there are fifty million people to be fed.

Thus, to compact the issue into a sentence: Japan needs more and better room, and Korea is the nearest and most natural country to supply it; Russia needs more and better ports, and the Korean suit her as do no others. Thus the two interests have come into collision.

True to the Oriental side of her nature (which has helped her so well to understand and get on with Asiatic nations with the least friction), Russia always demands more than she expects to get, and makes no stand from which she cannot recede if desirable. In the present instance, however, Japan may not give to the Russians the long time demanded for straightening out the tangle. The Japanese may suddenly decide for themselves that diplomacy can never settle the matter, but that war can.

In such a war the Japanese would have the crowning advantage of fighting as men do who are warring, not for conquest, but for existence. With Korea Russian, we should see but another province to be Russianized as drastically as Poland, Finland, and Transcaucasia have been, and nothing left for the giant eastward wave to engulf but Japan herself. Therefore, in the ultimate analysis, the Japanese are contending by every resource of diplomacy, or, if that fail, of arms, not only for their continued supremacy in Korea, for an overflow country, for a new open-door region; they are also contending for their national right to live. As to the rights and interests of the people of Korea and Manchuria, neither Russia nor Japan appears to be giving much consideration to that aspect of the case.

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Religion in Our Schools

We publish on another page some letters called out by the recent responses of college presidents to our inquiry whether their experience indicated that the effect of our public schools was to produce godless and immoral pupils. Their answers were substantially a unanimous negative.

Three of our correspondents think that these letters should be thrown out of court, one because the appeal to them is "obviously fulsome," whatever that may mean, one because a large majority of common-school children never go to college, and one because these presidents are interested in defending the public schools. We think their character is a sufficient reply to the first and the last criticisms. As to the second, it is certainly true that these letters from these college presidents are not conclusive; but it is equally true that they are very significant, and that they indicate, indeed in our judgment they demonstrate, that our public schools are not amenable to the charge of being godless or the inspirers of crime, immorality, and anarchism.

Let the reader of these criticising letters turn again to the letters of the college presidents and consider whether they ought to be "thrown out of court" because only a minority of public-school scholars go to college. Is that a reason for disregarding the substantially unanimous testimony that the public-school students who do go to college exhibit as high a type of character as those who come from private or church schools? Is it a reason for disregarding the testimony from New York State that for the most part "God-fearing men and women are in charge" of these public schools, and that "earnest religious character is one of the strong qualifications considered in engaging teachers;" from Iowa, that in her high schools "for the most part they have a daily general exercise which is devotional;" from California, that "our public schools, from the primary school to the university, are

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sending out a body of sturdy, self-reliant, clean young people, who have in the main the essentials of sound life;" from Michigan, that "the personal and civic virtues are cultivated by the normal discipline of the schools and also by direct instruction;" from Minnesota, that "the training they [the pupils] have received in the public schools tends very strongly to fit them for patriotic citizenship;" from Tennessee, that "in no church or family are Christian principles more fully recognized than in a good public school taught by a Christian man or woman;" from Louisiana, that "the spirit that is in it [the public-school system], while it is a freedom-loving spirit, is also a spirit that fosters respect for law and positive love for the State and its institutions;" from Cornell University, that 65 per cent. of the pupils coming from the public schools are church members, while the church members coming from private and denominational schools are only 56 per cent. of the entire number furnished by such schools? To these testimonies we may add one received from Princeton University since the presidents' letters were published, saying that "one-quarter of our students come from the public schools. This one-quarter wins about one-half the places on our honor lists; and it is a rare occurrence that a high-school graduate is guilty of an act which subjects him to serious discipline." We may also add some testimony from other college authorities, sent to us by a correspondent since our publication of the presidents' letters. He writes:

> To this testimony [of the college presidents] might be added that of President King, of Oberlin, who, in his address to the Religious Education Association at Chicago last February, said: "The religious teacher may well recognize the very great service rendered in just this respect by the public schools. In this broad sense, it is a genuine religious service—a service that cannot be rendered with anything like the same effectiveness by any select or private school, however religious. . . . An agency that so completely embodies and teaches the democratic spirit as do our public schools, with whatever defects, is in this broadest sense soundly religious and even Christian." Again, Professor Coe, of Northwestern, in his book, "The Religion of a Mature Mind," says: "When we talk of the secularization of the schools, we almost always contrast the school of to-day with the church of yesterday, the so-called secularism of the present with the monastic ideals of generations that are past. If, however, we compare the ideals of the new education with those of progressive Christianity, we discover no such gulf as is commonly supposed to exist."

If such testimonies as these to the moral and religious effect of our public schools on character are to be thrown out of court, it is difficult to imagine what kind of testimony the court will listen to. Their effect may be better weighed, perhaps, by conceiving what the effect would have been if the testimony had been the reverse; if all these college presidents had united in testifying to the lack of moral character and self-restraint in the students who come to their colleges from the public schools. We leave the reader to compare this testimony of what the public schools actually do accomplish in the way of character-building with what our correspondent, Mr. W. J. Osgood, hypothetically imagines that they accomplish.

As to the criminal statistics so forcibly presented by Dean Hart, of Denver, Colorado, our readers should remember the difference between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. We have public schools; we have crime; it does not follow that public schools produce crime. The same thing may be said respecting most of the questions so effectively massed together in the letter of the Rev. Mr. Geer. It may be true that "a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country;" that "many of them [the people of New England] are very near the level of heathenism;" that "the foreign-born population furnishes only two-thirds as many criminals as the native-born;" that there is an ominous "increase of crime," and even an "epidemic of crime;" and yet it may not be true that our public schools are turning out a host of anarchists and criminals. The fault may be in our homes, or in our churches, or in our public press, or in our social and industrial organization, or in all combined. We have public schools and we have criminals; it does not follow that we have criminals *because*

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we have public schools. We also have Protestant churches; and a factory system; and saloons; and a free press; and universal suffrage; and live in a commercial age. The supposed effect must be traced to the alleged cause; and the testimony of the college presidents indicates that whatever "epidemic of crime" may exist must be traced to some other cause than our public schools; certainly it cannot be charged to them alone.

The Outlook is not engaged in a campaign for the defense of the public-school system. We believe that it is, on the whole, the best system in the world for the education of the common people. But we also believe that, good as it is, it is capable of improvement. It is the right and the duty of the State to furnish all the education that is necessary for good citizenship, and the development of the moral nature is at least as necessary to good citizenship as the development of the intellect. The old attempt to draw a sharp line between secular and religious education, to leave secular education to the State, and relegate religious education to the Church, is founded on a false conception of religion. Religion is the art of life, and must pervade every department of life. The public-school system must be definitely, positively, constructively, avowedly, a means for education in the fundamental principles of right and wrong. We shall hereafter take occasion to point out some of the ways in which the public-school system may undertake more systematically than it does at present this work of moral training.

But that work will not be better done by transferring the work of education to the Church. The experience of the world has shown that education carried on by the Church has been far less efficient in the development of good citizenship than education carried on by the State. That to-day the public schools furnish, on the whole, a higher and better grade of citizens than the parochial or church schools is indicated, if not demonstrated, by the testimony of the college presidents which we have published. No evidence is offered by our correspondents, none, so far as we have seen, has ever been offered by the critics of our public-school system, that the public schools are nurseries of vice and crime. How they can be made more effectual nurseries of truth and honor, integrity and righteousness, is a question of the first importance. But no light is thrown on this question by failing to understand and appreciate the good work they are now doing. They can be improved; but even with their present constitution they are the true foundations of our free commonwealth.

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On Editorial Fair Play

What does a journal like The Outlook owe in the way of justice and fair play to those who differ with it in matters of public importance? It owes it to itself to present fairly and with reasonable fullness the views which it controverts; it owes it undoubtedly to its opponents to correct any accidental misrepresentation of fact concerning them; it owes it to the readers to give a judicial presentation of both sides of a controverted point under discussion. But all this does not mean that it is to devote equal space to both sides of a question, that it is to open its columns without restriction to general debate, nor that it is to satisfy to the full the argumentative propensities of everybody. To do this would be to abandon once and for all the reins of editorial direction, to hand over to others the control of the paper. If such an absurdity is imaginable, it would not only imply a complete surrender of all the available space to dissenting friends, but it would make necessary a council of conciliation among those friends for a proportionate division among them of the inadequate pages. We doubt if this would suit the dissenters; we know it would drive away the readers. There is a sense in which it may be said that The Outlook never prints "all the facts" on any subject: its basal principle is selective and therefore exclusive, to omit the trivial and unimportant, to give the vital and significant, to ignore details and include interpretation.

Two or three recent instances have suggested this statement of The Outlook's

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position, and the inevitable corollary that, while the editors must continue to edit the paper, some correspondents will surely continue to remain dissatisfied. In one case, a writer whose sharp-cut expression of a certain opinion had been in a way made the text of a group of articles, courteously intimated that he should be entitled for reply to exactly as many columns as the combined group of articles occupied! The facts with regard to Miss McCracken's article on Women and the Suffrage in Colorado will be remembered. Not only were the motives of the writer and the editor totally misrepresented, and the absurd charge made that The Outlook had prevented Miss McCracken from giving her real views (the truth being that the article was one of a series written only under general instructions to present vividly the writer's actual impressions and observations), but the fact that an able and well-written reply to Miss McCracken by an admittedly representative Colorado woman was printed with pleasure in The Outlook is scoffed at by the "Woman's Journal," on the ground that the first article was longer than the second and because the editors of the "Woman's Journal" are quite sure (from their own intuitions, apparently) that if Miss McCracken's article had been in favor of woman's suffrage, The Outlook would not have printed it—the inference being, again it will be observed, that a paper should print anything which anybody thinks it ought to print.

A third recent case in point is that of Dr. Newman Smyth. It will be remembered that Dr. Smyth in a Thanksgiving sermon charged in effect that The Outlook was suppressing facts in regard to Panama; that he was asked to specify those facts; that he sent us a letter with twelve specifications; that we printed the letter in full, referring under each specification (except where the statement was too general to admit of specific reply) to the date and page of The Outlook in which the fact alleged to be omitted might be found; that The Outlook devoted in one issue over six columns to Dr. Smyth's charges and its reply. Now, it was perfectly natural and proper that Dr. Smyth should wish to write a rejoinder to our reply, and if we wrote in rebuttal he might quite properly wish to write in sur-rebuttal; but even with so able and earnest a writer as Dr. Smyth discussion must end somewhere, and we respectfully submit that it is within the editorial province to determine when that time comes. Dr. Smyth is quite sincere in believing that The Outlook has not presented all the essential facts in the Panama case and that our editorial deductions are erroneous; we are equally confident that we have told the story correctly in our usual form—in broad outline, that is, not in minute detail; and while we regret that Dr. Smyth differs with our editorial conclusions, we naturally are obliged to continue to offer those opinions because they are ours. But is not fairness from correspondents to editors of equal value with the converse? And is it fair or even ingenuous for Dr. Smyth to present his controversy with The Outlook in a letter to another journal—the New York "Evening Post"—without a line or a word to indicate that he had had a hearing in The Outlook? What reader of the "Evening Post," not already conversant with the facts, would draw such a conclusion from this statement:

> It [The Outlook] has not met—it has failed to state squarely and fully—this charge now brought against the honor of this Nation. It has affirmed that all the facts, to which in a communication to it I had referred, are mentioned in its columns; it has since decided that it is "inexpedient" for it to publish a list which I have sent it, containing very material facts, no specific and definite report or discussion of which can I find anywhere given to its readers.

We might reply that some of the "facts" adduced are arguments; that others are quotations of historical precedents; that others have in fact been printed in The Outlook; that we have printed also and conspicuously a clear, strong argument of several columns, prepared by a writer who opposes the American policy and conduct in Panama as strongly as does Dr. Smyth; that Dr. Smyth himself has also had an opportunity of pointing out omitted facts; and that we have never told him that we thought it "inexpedient" to publish anything, as one might certainly infer from his quoted phrase.

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But we are referring to this case not to continue a controversy, but to illustrate by specific example how futile it is for any journal to allow itself to be edited out of its own office, or to allow its correspondents to determine what is and what is not news.

❀

The Chicago Tragedy

It would seem as if no element of tragedy had been omitted from the calamity which has struck Chicago to the heart and thrown a gloom over the entire country. The Iroquois Theater was burned in the happiest week of the year; the audience was very largely made up of women and children; many of those present were members of holiday parties; they were all there in the holiday spirit. There could hardly have been a more tragic contrast than the atmosphere in the theater a brief five minutes before the flames broke out on the stage and the same scene a brief half-hour later. So swift and so terrible in all its aspects was the disaster that it will be remembered as one of the greatest modern tragedies. The city has borne it, as it has borne all of its calamities, with undaunted courage; but it is as impossible to measure the extent of such a grief as it is impossible to sound the depths of such a sorrow. The heart of the whole world has turned towards Chicago, and the quick response, not only of America to Americans in affliction, but of men of all races, is another evidence of the growing sense of the kinship of the race.

The chief concern of those outside Chicago is to discover the conditions which made such a disaster possible and to make such conditions impossible in all other public structures. In another column will be found the story of the tragedy, and a report of those conditions in the Iroquois Theater which in a brief quarter of an hour involved the death of nearly six hundred persons. Already in Chicago, in New York, and in many other cities at home and abroad the first result of the disaster has been an examination of the laws providing for the construction and inspection of theaters and an examination of places of public amusement to discover how far those laws have been obeyed. It will probably be found that in many places the regulations are sufficiently thorough and intelligent to safeguard the audiences, but we venture to predict that it will be found that in most places they are not vigilantly enforced. There are still great advances to be made in the art of protecting crowds; but the best system in the world is useless if it is not thoroughly and vigilantly applied. If the lifeboats cannot be lowered because the apparatus is out of order, the ship is as helpless as it would be if not a lifeboat were on board.

The first necessity is to provide adequate means of protection; the second necessity, which is really a part of the first, is to make sure, by constant and impartial inspection, that those means are usable on a moment's notice. The Chicago calamity will set all the world to examining its places of amusement, but in six months the Chicago calamity will be forgotten save by those to whom it has brought lifelong sorrow, and then there is danger that inspection may become as perfunctory and careless as it has been for months past in many cities. What is needed is a strict and stern enforcement of the law by strict and stern men who can neither be hoodwinked nor purchased, and whose prime interest will be the enforcement of the law. The time is not far distant, and it is much nearer by reason of this calamity, when the proprietors of theaters will be held criminally responsible for any neglect of compliance with the law for the safety of their audiences; and any neglect of supervision or inspection either in construction or the running of theaters ought to be relentlessly visited on the authorities who are responsible for such neglect. Thoroughness of inspection is the first condition of safety, because the most careful regulations are useless if they remain unenforced; and thoroughness of inspection cannot be secured until adequate powers are placed in the hands of local authorities and those local authorities are held to a rigid account.

In the light of this terrible tragedy a number of specific precautions have

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been forced upon the attention of the community, and where provision is not made by local regulation to provide these precautions the laws ought to be changed at once. First, it ought to be made a misdemeanor in any place of entertainment to sell more tickets than there are seats. The sign "No Standing Room" ought to be printed on every ticket sold by any theater. Second, there ought to be in every theater exits in proportion to the seating capacity, so that every public place where crowds assemble can be safely emptied of its occupants in from three to five minutes. These exits ought to be distinctly marked, they ought to be solidly and properly built, easily accessible, and always in order for use. An exit which is locked so that it cannot be used until the usher is found is worthless. The suggestion that at the close of every performance all the exits should be thrown open so that audiences may become accustomed in every place of amusement to all the ways of egress ought to be given a trial. Third, no wood should be used in the building of any structures in which audiences are to be assembled. All scenery, ropes, and other apparatus on the stage should be fireproof. This is easily done, does not involve great expense, and would prevent the great majority of fires in theaters. Fourth, inspection ought not only to be impartial and exacting, but regular and frequent, so that the responsible department will know from day to day the condition of every theater under its supervision. This will avoid the possibility of the failure of the safety apparatus to work. If the asbestos curtain is let down every day, there will be no trouble about lowering it in an emergency. Fifth, there is now on the stages of most theaters a fireman who watches the scenery and is ready to help in case of emergency. In many French theaters two firemen are in view of the audience with hose in hand, ready to turn a stream of water at a second's notice on any part of the house. This is a precaution which might well be adopted in American theaters. Sixth, in every place of public assembly there ought to be an organization which should instantly take charge of the crowd in case of danger. The great peril is not fire but panic, and panic is the result of absence of leadership. A panic can almost always be arrested in its initial stages by one commanding voice. It is the absence of any organization which makes the panic possible. There ought to be in every place of public assemblage an organization which could instantly take charge of the crowd in case of danger. This might be done by the firemen who should be regularly stationed at the exits, by police detailed for every theater, or by trained ushers who would instantly throw open every egress and direct the crowd. Lastly, there ought to be no possibility of adding the horror and danger of darkness to the perils of fire. Hundreds perished in the Chicago disaster because they were caught in narrow passages in total darkness. The red lights which indicate the exits ought to be provided for by an independent circuit, and some other form of light ought to be always burning in every theater to provide against the emergency of the cutting off of electricity.

To adopt and use these precautions will involve a considerable expenditure of money, but nothing is too expensive which prevents the possibility of such tragedies as that which has visited Chicago. It is a reflection on civilization that such tragedies can occur; they are preventable. The first function of municipal government is to care for the bodies and the morals of its citizens. It is a very rudimentary conception of municipal government in this country which has made it a prize for political fights. A city government is simply a housekeeper on a large scale. Its function is to provide clean and well-kept streets, a scientific sewerage system, pure water, adequate lighting, adequate and reasonable methods of transportation, proper school buildings and good teaching. It is the first business of a city to make such a calamity as that which happened in Chicago impossible; and if this terrible tragedy brings this lesson home to Americans and opens their eyes to the disregard of the primary duties of municipal government and the absurdity of carrying politics into such government, the sacrifice will not have been in vain.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VI.—In Mulberry Street

A DOZEN years had wrought their changes since Roosevelt took his legislative committee down from Albany to investigate the Police Department of New York City. The only change they had brought to Mulberry Street[2] was that of aggravating a hundredfold the evils which had then attracted attention. He had put an unerring finger upon politics as the curse that was eating out the heart of the force once called the finest in the world. The diagnosis was correct; but the prescription written out by the spoilsmen was more politics and ever more politics; and the treatment was about as bad as could have been devised. With the police become an avowedly political body with a bi-partisan instead of a non-partisan Board of Commissioners, there grew up, primarily through the operation, or non-operation, of the Sunday saloon-closing law, a system of police blackmail unheard of in the world before. It was the disclosure of its slimy depths through the labors of Dr. Parkhurst and of the Lexow Committee which brought about the political revolution out of which came reform and Roosevelt. But in Mulberry Street they were hailed as freaks. The "system" so far had been invincible. It had broken many men who had got in its way.

"It will break you," was the greeting with which Byrnes, the Big Chief, who had ruled Mulberry Street with a hard hand, but had himself bowed to "the system," received Mr. Roosevelt. "You will yield. You are but human."

The answer of the new President of the Board was to close the gate of the politicians to police patronage.

"We want," he said, "the civil service law applied to appointments here, not because it is the ideal way, but because it is the only way to knock the political spoilsmen out, and you have to do that to get anywhere." And the Board made the order.

Next he demanded the resignation of the chief, and forbade the annual parade for which preparations were being made. "We will parade when we need not be ashamed to show ourselves." And then he grappled with the saloons.

Here, before we go into that fight, let me turn aside a moment to speak of myself; then perhaps with good luck we shall have less of me hereafter. Though how that can be I don't really know; for now I had Roosevelt at last in my own domain. For two years we were to be together all the day, and quite often most of the night, in the environment in which I had spent twenty years of my life. And these two were the happiest by far of them all. Then was life really worth living, and I have a pretty robust enjoyment of it at all times. Elsewhere I have told how we became acquainted; how he came to my office one day when I was out and left his card with the simple words written in pencil upon it: "I have read your book, and I have come to help." That was the beginning. The book was "How the Other Half Lives," in which I tried to draw an indictment of the things that were wrong, pitifully and dreadfully wrong, with the tenement homes of our wage-workers. It was like a man coming to enlist for a war because he believed in the cause, and truly he did. Now had

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.
[2] The Police Headquarters of the city is in Mulberry Street.

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come the time when he could help indeed. Decency had moved into the City Hall, where shameless indifference ruled before. His first thought was to have me help there. I preserve two letters from him, from the time between the election in 1894 that put Tammany out and the New Year when Mayor Strong and reform moved in, in which he urges this idea.

"It is very important to the city," he writes, "to have a business man's Mayor, but it is more important to have a workingman's Mayor, and I want Mr. Strong to be that also. . . . I am exceedingly anxious that, if it is possible, the Mayor shall appoint you to some position which shall make you one of his official advisers. . . . It is an excellent thing to have rapid transit, but it is a good deal more important, if you look at matters with a proper perspective, to have ample playgrounds in the poorer quarters of the city, and to take the children off the streets to prevent them from growing up toughs. In the same way it is an admirable thing to have clean streets; indeed, it is an essential thing to have them; but it would be a better thing to have our schools large enough to give ample accommodation to all should-be pupils, and to provide them with proper playgrounds."

You see he had not changed. His was the same old plan, to help the man who was down; and he was right, too. It was and is the essential thing in a country like ours: not to prop him up forever, not to carry him; but to help him to his feet so he can go himself. Else the whole machine won't go at length in the groove in which we have started it. The last letter concludes with regret that he had not seen his way clear to accept the street-cleaning commissionership that was offered him by the Mayor, for "I should have been delighted to smash up the corrupt contractors and put the street-cleaning force absolutely out of the domain of politics." No doubt he would; but it was well he didn't, for so Colonel Waring came into our city's life, and he was just such another, and an engineer besides, who knew how.

As to the share he wanted me to take in it, we had it out at that time over that; and, though we had little tugs after that, off and on, it was settled then that I should not be called upon to render that kind of service—to Mayor Strong's rather bewildered relief, I fancy. I think, to the end of his official life he did not get quite rid of a notion that I was nursing some sort of an unsatisfied ambition and reserving my strength for a sudden raid upon him. I know that when I asked him to appoint an unofficial Small Parks Committee, and to put me on it, it took him a long time to make up his mind that there was not a nigger in that wood-pile somewhere. He was the only man, if I am right in that, who ever gave me credit for political plotting. For when, afterward, as I recorded in "The Making of an American," I marched the Christian Endeavorers and the Methodist ministers to the support of Roosevelt in the fight between him and his wicked partners in the Police Board, that was not plotting, though they called it so, but just war; a kind of hold-up, if you like, in the plain interests of the city's welfare.

But "the system" Roosevelt was called to break up. I shall not attempt to describe it. The world must be weary of it to the point of disgust. We fought it then; we fight it now. We shall have to fight it no one can tell how often or how long; for just as surely as we let up for ever so little a while, and Tammany, which is always waiting without, gets its foot between the door and the jamb, the old blackmail rears its head once more. It is the form corruption naturally takes in a city with twelve or thirteen thousand saloons, with a State law that says they shall be closed on Sundays, and with a defiant thirst which puts a premium on violating the law by making it the most profitable day in the week to the saloon-keeper who will take the chances. Those chances are the opportunities of the politician and of the police where the two connect. The politicians use the law as a club to keep the saloons in line, all except the biggest, the keepers of which sit in the inner councils of "the Hall;" the police use it for extorting blackmail. "The result was," said Roosevelt himself,

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when he had got a bird's-eye view of the situation, "that the officers of the law and the saloon-keepers became inextricably tangled in a network of crime and connivance at crime. The most powerful saloon-keepers controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorized and blackmailed all the other saloon-keepers." Within the year or two that preceded Roosevelt's coming to Mulberry Street, this system of "blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor-dealers themselves, that they communicated first with Governor Hill and then with Mr. Croker." I am quoting now from a statement made by the editor of their organ, the "Wine and Spirit Gazette," the correctness of which was never questioned. The excise law was being enforced with "gross discrimination." "A committee of the Central Association of Liquor-Dealers took the matter up, and called upon Police Commissioner Martin (Mr. Roosevelt's Tammany predecessor in the presidency of the Board). *An agreement was made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor-dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support.*" The strange thing is that they did not put it on the books at headquarters in regular form. Probably they did not think of it.

But the agreement was kept only with those who had "pull." It did not hurt them to see their smaller, helpless rivals bullied and blackmailed by the police. As for the police, they were taking no chances. They had bought appointment, or promotion, of Tammany with the understanding that they were to reimburse themselves for the outlay. Their hunger only grew as they fed, until they blackmailed everything in sight, from the push-cart peddler in the street, who had bought his license to sell, but was clubbed from post to post until he "gave up," to the brothel, the gambling-house, and the policy-shop, for which they had regular rates: so much for "initiation" every time a new captain came to the precinct, and so much per month for permission to run. The total ran up in the millions. New York was a wide-open town. The bosses at "the Hall" fairly rolled in wealth; the police had lost all decency and sense of justice. That is, the men who ran the force had. The honest men on the patrol posts, the men with the night-sticks as Roosevelt called them when he spoke of them, had lost courage and hope.

This was the situation that confronted him in Mulberry Street, and with characteristic directness he decided that in the saloon was the tap-root of the mischief. The thing to do was to enforce the Sunday-closing law. And he did.

The storm that rose lives in my memory as the most amazing tempest—I was going to say in a teapot—that ever was. But it was a capital affair to those whose graft was at stake. The marvel was in the reach they had. It seemed for a season as if society was struck through and through with the rottenness of it all. That the politicians, at first incredulous, took the alarm was not strange. They had an interest. But in their tow came half the community, as it seemed, counseling, praying, beseeching this man to cease his rash upturning of the foundations of things, and use discretion. Roosevelt replied grimly that there was nothing about discretion in his oath of office, and quoted to them Lincoln's words, "Let reverence of law be taught in schools and colleges, be written in primers and spelling-books, be published from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative houses, and enforced in the courts of justice—in short, let it become the political religion of the nation." He was doing nothing worse than enforcing *honestly* a law that had been enforced dishonestly in all the years. The Sunday arrests shrank to one-half of the record in the evil Tammany days. Still the clamor rose. The yellow newspapers pursued Roosevelt with malignant lies. They shouted daily that the city was overrun with thieves and murderers, that crime was rampant and unavenged. Every thief, cut-throat, and blackmailer who had place and part in the old order of things joined in the howl. Roosevelt went deliberately on, the only one who was calm amid all the

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hubbub. And when, after many weeks of it, the smoke cleared away; when the saloon-keepers owned in court that they were beaten; when the warden of Bellevue Hospital reported that for the first time in its existence there had not been a "case," due to a drunken brawl, in the hospital all Monday; when the police courts gave their testimony, while savings banks recorded increased deposits and pawnshops hard times; when poor mothers flocked to the institutions to get their children whom they had placed there for safe-keeping in the "wide-open" days—then we knew what his victory meant.

These were the things that happened. They are the facts. Living in this cosmopolitan city, where, year after year, the Sunday-closing law turns up as an issue in the fight for good government—an issue, so we are told, with the very people, the quiet, peace-loving Germans, upon whom we, from every other point of view, would always count as allies in that struggle—I find myself impatiently enough joining in the demand for freedom from the annoyance, for a "liberal observance" of Sunday that shall rid us of this ghost at our civic banquet. And then I turn around and look at the facts as they were then; at that Sunday which Roosevelt and I spent from morning till night in the tenement districts, seeing for ourselves what went on; at the happy children and contented mothers we met whose homes, according to their self-styled defenders, were at that very time being "hopelessly desolated by the enforcement of a tyrannical law surviving from the dark ages of religious bigotry;" and I ask myself how much of all the clamor for Sunday beer comes from the same pot that spewed forth its charges against Roosevelt so venomously. It may be that we shall need another emancipation before we get our real bearings: the delivery of the honest Germans from their spokesmen who would convince us that with them every issue of family life, of good government, of manhood and decency, is subordinate to the one of beer and beer only.

Blackmail was throttled for a season; but the clamor never ceased. Roosevelt shut the police-station lodging-rooms, the story of which I told in "The Making of an American." Greater service was never rendered the city by any man. For it he was lampooned and caricatured. He was cruel!—he who spent his waking and sleeping hours planning relief for his brother in distress. So little was he understood that even the venerable chairman of the Charter Revision Committee asked him sternly if he "had no pity for the poor." I can see him now, bending contracted brows upon the young man who struck right and left where he saw wrong done. Roosevelt answered patiently enough, with respect for the gray hairs, that it was poor pity for the tramp to enable him to go on tramping, which was all the lodging-houses did; and he went right ahead and shut them up.

We had a law forbidding the sale of liquor to children, which was a dead letter. I stood in front of one East Side saloon and watched a steady stream of little ones with mugs and bottles going through the door, and I told Roosevelt. He gave orders to seize the worst offender, and had him dragged to court; but to do it he had to permit the use of a boy to get evidence, a regular customer who had gone there a hundred times for a bad purpose, and now was sent in once for a good one. A howl of protest arose. The magistrate discharged the saloon-keeper and reprimanded the policeman. Like a pack of hungry wolves they snarled at Roosevelt. He was to be legislated out of office. He turned to the decent people of the city. "We shall not have to employ such means," he said, "once a year, but when we need to we shall not shrink from it. It is idle to ask us to employ against lawbreakers only such means as those lawbreakers approve. We are not playing 'puss in the corner' with the criminals. We intend to stamp out these vermin, and we do not intend to consult the vermin as to the methods we shall employ." And the party managers at Albany he warned publicly that an attack upon the Police Board, on whatever pretext, was an attack upon its members because they had done their duty, and that the politicians must reckon with decent sentiment, if they

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dared punish them for declining to allow the police force to be used for political purposes, or to let lawbreakers go unpunished.

Roosevelt won. He conquered politics and he stopped lawbreaking; but the biggest victory he won was over the cynicism of a people so steeped in it all that they did not dream it could be done. Tammany came back, but not to stay. And though it may come back many times yet for our sins, it will be merely like the thief who steals in to fill his pockets from the till when the storekeeper is not looking. That was what we got out of having Roosevelt on the Police Board. He could not set us free. We have got to do that ourselves. But he cut our bonds and gave us arms, if we chose to use them.

Of the night trips we took together to see how the police patrolled in the early hours of the morning, when the city sleeps and policemen are most needed, I told in the story of my own life, and shall not here repeat it. They earned for him the name of Haroun-al-Roosevelt, those trips that bore such sudden good fruit in the discipline of the force. They were not always undertaken solely to wake up the police. Roosevelt wanted to know the city by night, and the true inwardness of some of the problems he was struggling with as Health Commissioner; for the President of the Police Board was by that fact a member of the Health Board also. One might hear of overcrowding in tenements for years and not grasp the subject as he could by a single midnight inspection with the sanitary police. He wanted to understand it all, the smallest with the greatest, and sometimes the information he brought out was unique, to put it mildly. I can never think of one of those expeditions without a laugh. We had company that night: Hamlin Garland and Dr. Alexander Lambert were along. In the midnight hour we stopped at a peanut-stand in Rivington Street for provender, and while the Italian made change Roosevelt pumped him on the economic problem he presented. How could he make it pay? No one was out; it did not seem as if his sales could pay for even the fuel for his torch that threw its flickering light upon dark pavements and deserted streets. The peanut-man groped vainly for a meaning in his polite speech, and turned a bewildered look upon the doctor.

"How," said he, coming promptly to the rescue—"how you make him pay—cash—pan out—monish?"

The Italian beamed with sudden understanding. "Nah!" he said, with a gesture eloquent of resentment and resignation in one: "W'at I maka on de peanút I losa on de dam' banán'."

Did the police hate Roosevelt for making them do their duty? No, they loved him. The crooks hated him; they do everywhere, and with reason. But the honest men on the force, who were, after all, in the great majority, even if they had knuckled under in discouragement to a system that could break them, but against which they were powerless, came quickly to accept him as their hope of delivery. For the first tlme in the history of the department every man had a show on his merits. Amazing as it was, "pull" was dead. Politics or religion cut no figure. No one asked about them. But did a policeman, pursuing a burglar through the night, dive running into the Park Avenue railroad tunnel, risking a horrible death to catch his man, he was promptly promoted; did a bicycle policeman lie with broken and bruised bones after a struggle with a runaway horse that meant his life or the lives of helpless women and children if he let go, he arose from his bed a roundsman with the medal for bravery on his breast. Did a gray-haired veteran swim ashore among grinding ice-floes with a drowning woman, he was called to headquarters and made a sergeant. I am speaking of cases that actually occurred. The gray-haired veteran of the Civil War had saved twenty-eight lives at the risk of his own—his beat lay along the river shore—had been twice distinguished by Congress with medals for valor, bore the life-saving medal, and had never a complaint against him on the discipline-book; but about all the recognition he had ever earned from the Police Board was the privilege of buying a new uniform at his own expense when he had

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ruined the old one in risking his life. Roosevelt had not been in Mulberry Street four weeks when the Board resolved, on his motion, that clothes ruined in risking life on duty were a badge of honor, of which the Board was proud to pay the cost.

That the police became, from a band of blackmailers' tools, a body of heroes in a few brief months, only backs up my belief that the heart of the force, with which my lines were cast half a lifetime, was and is all right, with the Deverys and the Murphys out of the way. Led by a Roosevelt, it would be the most magnificent body of men to be found anywhere. Two years under him added quite a third to the roll-of-honor record of forty years under Tammany politics. However, the enemy was quick to exploit what there was in that. When I looked over the roll the other day, I found page upon page inscribed with names I did not know, behind one of a familiar sound, though I could not quite make it out. Tammany or Toomany—either way would mean the same thing: it was no longer a roll of honor.

These were some of the things Roosevelt did in Mulberry Street. He did many more, and they were all for its good. He did them all so simply, so frankly, that in the end he disarmed criticism, which in the beginning took it all for a new game, an "honesty racket," of which it had not got the hang, and could not—confounded his enemies, who grew in number as his success grew and sat up nights hatching out plots by which to trip him. Roosevelt strode through them all, kicking their snares right and left, half the time not dreaming that they were there, and laughing contemptuously when he saw them. I remember a mischief-maker whose mission in life seemed to be to tell lies at headquarters and carry tales, setting people at odds where he could. He was not an official, but an outsider, an idler with nothing better to do, but a man with a "pull" among politicians. Roosevelt came upon some of his lies, traced them to their source, and met the man at the door the next time he came nosing around. I was there and heard what passed.

"Mr. So-and-so," said the President of the Board, "I have heard this thing, and I am told you said it. You know, of course, that it is a lie. I shall send at once for the man who says he heard you tell it, so that you may meet him; because you know if you did say it we cannot have you around here any more." The man got out at once and never came back while Roosevelt was there.

It was all as simple as that, perfectly open and aboveboard, and I think he was buncoed less than any of his "wise" predecessors. There was that in his trust in uncorrupted human nature that brought out a like response. There always is, thank heaven! You get what you give in trust and affection. The man who trusts no one has his faith justified; no one will trust him, and he will find plenty to try their wits upon him. Once in a while Roosevelt's sympathies betrayed him, but not to his discredit. They laugh yet in the section-rooms at the police stations over the trick played upon him by a patrolman whose many piccadilloes had brought him at last to the "jumping-off place." This time he was to be dismissed. The President said so; there was no mercy. But the policeman had "piped him off." He knew his soft spot. In the morning, when the Commissioner came fresh from his romp with his own babies, there confronted him eleven youngsters of all ages, howling dolefully. The doomed policeman mutely introduced them with a sorrowful gesture—motherless all.

Mr. Roosevelt's stern gaze softened. What, no mother? all these children! Go, then, and take one more chance, one last chance. And the policeman went out with the eleven children which were not his at all. He had borrowed them, all but two, from the neighbors in his tenement.

But there is no malice in the joking at his expense, rather affection. It is no mean tribute to human nature, even in the policeman's uniform, that for the men who tricked Roosevelt in the Police Board—his recreant colleagues—and undid what they could of his work, there survives in the Department the utmost contempt and detestation, while Roosevelt is held in the heartiest regard that

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is not in the least due to his exalted station, but to a genuine reverence for the man's character as Mulberry Street saw it when it was put to the severest test.

I shall have, after all, to ask those who would know him at this period of his life, as I knew him, to read "The Making of an American," because I should never get through were I to try to tell it all. He made, as I said, a large part of my life in Mulberry Street, and by far the best part. When he went, I had no heart in it. Of the strong hand he lent in the battle with the slum, as a member of the Health Board, that book will tell them. We had all the ammunition for the fight, the law and all, but there was no one who dared begin it till he came. Then the batteries opened fire at once, and it is largely due to him and his unhesitating courage that we have got as far as we have. And that means something beyond the ordinary, for we were acting under an untried law, the failure of which might easily involve a man in suits for very great damages. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt was sued twice by landlords whose tenements he destroyed. One characteristic incident survives in my memory from that day. An important office was to be filled in the Health Department, about which I knew. There were two candidates: one the son of a janitor, educated in the public schools, faithful and able, but without polish or special fitness; the other a college man, a graduate of how many foreign schools of learning I don't know, a gentleman of travel, of refinement. He was the man for the position, which included much contact with the outer world—so I judged, and so did others. Roosevelt had the deciding vote. We urged our man strongly upon him. He saw the force of our arguments, and yielded, but slowly and most reluctantly. His outspoken preference was for the janitor's son, who had fought himself up to the point where he could compete. And he was right, after all. The other was a failure; he was over-educated. I was glad, for Roosevelt's sake as well as for my own, when in after years the janitor's son took his place and came to his own.

One incident, which I have told before, I cannot forbear setting down here again, for without it even this fragmentary record would be too incomplete. I mean his meeting with the labor men who were having constant trouble with the police over their strikes, their pickets, etc. They made me much too proud of them, both he and they, for me ever to forget that. Roosevelt saw that the trouble was in their not understanding one another, and he asked the labor leaders to meet him at Clarendon Hall to talk it over. Together we trudged through a blinding snow-storm to the meeting. This was at the beginning of things, when the town had not yet got the bearings of the man. The strike leaders thought they had to do with an ambitious politician, and they tried bluster. They would do so and so unless the police were compliant; and they watched to get him placed. They had not long to wait. Roosevelt called a halt, short and sharp.

"Gentlemen!" he said, "we want to understand one another. That was my object in coming here. Remember, please, that he who counsels violence does the cause of labor the poorest service. Also, he loses his case. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now, gentlemen!"

There was a moment's amazed suspense, and then the hall rang with their cheers. They had him placed then, for they knew a man when they saw him. And he—he went home proud and happy, for his trust in his fellow-man was justified.

He said, when it was all over, that there was no call at all for any genius in the work of administering the police force, nor, indeed, for any unusual qualities, but just common sense, common honesty, energy, resolution, and readiness to learn; which was probably so. They are the qualities he brought to everything he ever put his hands to. But if he learned something in that work that helped round off the man in him—though it was not all sweetness or light—he taught us much more. His plain performance of a plain duty, the doing the right because it was the right, taught us a lesson we stood in greater

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need of than of any other. Roosevelt's campaign for the reform of the police force became the moral issue of the day. It swept the cobwebs out of our civic brains, and blew the dust from our eyes, so that we saw clearly where all had been confusion before: saw straight, rather. We rarely realize, in these latter days, how much of our ability to fight for good government, and our hope of winning the fight, is due to the campaign of honesty waged by Theodore Roosevelt in Mulberry Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Story of a Labor Agitator[1]

The Last Appeal[2]

By Joseph R. Buchanan

I HAVE been asked what event in the twenty-five years of my connection with the labor-reform movement made the most lasting impression upon me. My answer is, the amnesty movement on behalf of the so-called "Chicago Anarchists" in 1887. Fifteen years have passed since the execution of four, the suicide of one, and the imprisonment of three men convicted of complicity in the Chicago Haymarket bomb-throwing riot, which occurred on the night of May 4, 1886. Let us hope that time has tempered the prejudice and cooled the passion which were so rampant during the two years that the case was prominently before the people, and that it, or one of its phases at least, may be discussed with the placidity and good feeling that wait upon the review of any other memorable episode in the history of our country. In fact, I have no desire to discuss the case as a whole; but, in view of what I am about to relate, I feel impelled to say that I was one of the millions who thought, and will ever think, that four men were unjustly executed in the Cook County jail-yard on November 11, 1887. I am not, nor have I ever been, a supporter of the propaganda of Anarchism—the "scientific" brand or any other kind—but I realized that Parsons, Spies, and their associates were devoted to the cause of the poor and lowly, however mistaken they may have been in their methods, and I knew that the Haymarket meeting, which resulted so terribly, grew out of the attempt of organized labor to establish the eight-hour work-day. Parsons and Fischer were members of the labor organization to which I belonged—the Typographical Union. I knew personally seven of the eight condemned men. Add to these claims upon me the greater claim—my belief that the men had not been given a fair trial—and there will be found the explanation of my activity in the attempt to secure executive clemency for the condemned men.

When the Supreme Court of the United States refused to interpose its strong arm, the friends of the condemned men realized that there was but one thing left that they might do; that was to appeal to the Governor of the State of Illinois. The work of securing signatures to petitions to present to the Governor was taken up by hundreds of men and women in Chicago, and, to some extent, in other cities. Though less than a week remained until the day set for the execution, in that short time, in the city of Chicago alone, over forty-one thousand signatures were secured to the petitions asking for executive clemency.

Of the seven men condemned to die, but three had signed the petition to the Governor; the other four refusing in any manner to ask for commutation of sentence. The three who signed were Samuel Fielden, Michel Schwab, and August Spies. The latter affixed his signature to the petition only after being urged to do so by relatives and friends. I was one of those who besought him to

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

[2] Articles on "The Trials of a Labor Editor" and "Labor Politics" will be found in The Outlook for October 17 and December 12, 1903. Mr. Buchanan's book, "The Story of a Labor Agitator," from which these chapters are taken, is published by the Outlook Company, New York.

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sign. He said, as he placed his name to the paper, "I believe I am making a mistake," and subsequent events proved the correctness of his belief.

The four who refused to petition each addressed a letter to the Governor. Lack of sufficient space prevents me from giving these letters in their entirety. The first to write to the Governor was Albert R. Parsons. He wrote:

I am aware that petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons addressed to you, beseeching you to interpose your prerogative and commute the sentences of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I therefore beg of you to examine the record of the trial, and then to conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or innocence. . . . I am guilty or I am innocent of the charge for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than to go "like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon." If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial made in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name of and by virtue of the authority of the State. . . . I speak for myself; I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment, for I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept a commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right, my lawful, constitutional, natural, inalienable right to liberty.

Adolph Fischer, after explaining the occasion of his letter to the Governor, continued:

As a man of honor, as a man of conscience, and as a man of principle, I cannot accept mercy. I am not guilty of the charge in the indictment—of murder. I am no murderer, and cannot apologize for an action of which I know I am innocent. The question is, Am I responsible for the death of the policemen at the Haymarket? and I say no, unless you assert that every abolitionist could have been held responsible for the deeds of John Brown. Therefore I could not ask or accept "mercy" without lowering myself in my self-estimation. If I cannot obtain justice from the authorities, and be restored to my family, then I prefer that the verdict should be carried out as it stands.

George Engel's letter to the Governor was not as lengthy as those written by the others. I quote its main features:

I am not aware of having violated any laws of this country. In my firm belief in the Constitution which the founders of this Republic bequeathed to this people, and which remains unaltered, I have exercised the right of free speech. The "powers that be" may murder me, but they cannot legally punish me. I protest against a commutation of my sentence, and demand either liberty or death. I renounce any kind of mercy.

Louis Lingg, who could speak only a few words of English and whose knowledge of the language was almost nothing, sent to the Governor a translated copy of his letter, but he also forwarded to him, by registered letter, the original manuscript, which was in German. Following are excerpts from his letter:

I feel impelled to declare with my friend and comrade, Parsons, that I demand either liberty or death. . . . A mere mitigation of the verdict would be cowardice, and a proof that the ruling classes, which you represent, are themselves abashed at the monstrosity of my condemnation, and, consequently, of their own violation of the most sacred rights of the people. Your decision in that event will not only judge me, but also yourself and those whom you represent. Judge then!

Samuel Fielden and Michel Schwab also sent letters to Governor Oglesby, but their tone was the antithesis of those from which I have quoted. While both of these men protested their innocence so far as the throwing of the bomb in the Haymarket was concerned, they admitted that they had been indiscreet in their utterances at times when addressing meetings of workingmen. Fielden had been notoriously the most violent in his speeches of all the advocates in Chicago of revolution by force. In his communication to the Governor he said: "I can now see that much that I said under excitement was unwise, and all this I regret. . . . I humbly pray relief from the murderer's doom." Schwab also recanted all of his previous radical utterances, and appealed for executive clemency.

In compliance with the wishes of the friends of the condemned men, not only in Chicago but throughout the Nation, made known through the officers of the defense association, Governor Oglesby appointed Wednesday, November 9, as the day when he would receive, at the State House in Springfield, all who desired to present appeals for clemency. The Governor told me personally that he had received thousands of appeals

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from all over the country, and that the number had been so great during the last week that it had been impossible for him to consider even a small portion of all that came to his office. Under these conditions, the plan of a public hearing, therefore, met with his earnest approval.

At about the hour of eleven, on the morning of November 9, several hundred persons assembled in one of the large rooms of the Capitol. Most of them were from Chicago, but there were one hundred or more whose homes were in other cities and other States, every part of the country being represented. Governor Oglesby received this large body of petitioners with the dignity and courtesy which were characteristics of his official life, and gave patient and thoughtful hearing to all that was said. Mr. George A. Schilling introduced to the Governor those who had been selected by the amnesty association or other organizations, as well as those who had come of their own initiative, to present arguments and pleas to the Governor. Among those who spoke were Captain William P. Black, of counsel for the condemned, General M. M. Trumbull, Cora L. V. Richmond, Senator Streeter and Representative Dixon, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and a dozen others representing labor and other organizations in Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities.

As all the proceedings of the public appeal were printed in the newspapers at the time, it is not necessary that I should recount them here. I took no part in the public appeal, for reasons which I will explain.

As soon as it became known to the radical German element, of which August Spies was the leader in Chicago, that Spies had signed the appeal asking the Governor for clemency, a cry went up that he had disgraced his countrymen by showing himself a coward. This feeling was intensified by the fact that Albert Parsons, the only American among the condemned men, had positively refused to sign the petition or in any manner to give his assent to the clemency movement. Spies had been conscientious in all he had done, and had signed the petition because his counsel and his friends had told him it was his duty to show that much consideration for the efforts that were being made in his behalf; he was not a coward. When he learned of what was being said about him by those with whom he had been associated, he resolved at once to undo, so far as possible, what he had done. He wrote a letter to the Governor. That letter was placed in my hands the night before the amnesty party started for Springfield, and a promise was exacted from me that I would not leave the Governor until he was made acquainted with every syllable the letter contained. To keep that promise I believed I would have to read the letter to Governor Oglesby. After consulting with a few conservative, discreet friends, to whom I read the letter in our hotel at Springfield, I decided to ask the Governor for a private audience, as there was a possibility that a public reading of the letter might create a disturbance in an otherwise orderly and impressive proceeding. As the public hearing was drawing toward a close I approached Governor Oglesby, and made a request for an interview at which only a small number should be present. When I had explained the matter to him and answered his very natural inquiries to his apparent satisfaction, he granted my request, and fixed the time which he would allow me at twenty minutes.

I then requested Mr. Schilling to select four or five of the most radical Chicago Germans present, and to bring them to the Governor's private room at the time appointed. Of course the object was to show the men who had denounced him that August Spies was not the coward he had been branded. When Mr. Schilling returned with the five men selected as witnesses, he said there were two other gentlemen who very much desired to be present during my interview with the Governor. These gentlemen were Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and Professor William Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Society. I had no objections, and the two gentlemen joined our little party as it filed into the Governor's private office. Just as I was about to enter the Governor's room

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Captain Black came up to me and, handing me a folded sheet of letter-paper, said: "Read this also to the Governor. It is from Parsons.'

Every man who has passed the half-century mile-post has stored away in his memory-cabinets pictures which illustrate important events—mayhap crises—in his past life. At will he draws forth and sets up before his mind's eye canvases invisible to all save himself. Sometimes they steal out from their hiding-places unbidden, and lead the thought procession back to other days, instead of awaiting a signal to fall into line at the proper place. In the small cabinet where I have stored the few pictures that I call my tragedies there is one that depicts the scene I am about to describe. Singular, isn't it, that you can remember the scene of some event, even to the pattern of the floor rug and the figures on the wall-paper, and that of another time you can recall nothing but words and actions? And yet you may be unable to see wherein the incidents were greatly different.

The room into which I was shown for my interview with the Governor was long and narrow. It was lighted at one end by a large double window. Opposite the door through which we entered was a desk, so placed as to receive the light from the window. By the side of this desk I, upon invitation, took my stand. At the extreme rear of the room, opposite the window, sat Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter; Mr. Schilling and the five witnesses he had secured sat along the wall facing the desk; and Robert Oglesby, the Governor's son, stood at the door to insure privacy. And the Governor? He was the last to enter the room. As his son closed the door behind him he stepped up to me and said: "I am ready to hear you now, Mr. Buchanan." With a few explanatory remarks, in which I tried to make each word do the usual service of two, as my time was so short, I read the following letter aloud. As I started to read the Governor began to pace the long and narrow room, though so softly did he tread the heavily carpeted floor that, had I not observed his movements, I would not have known that he had stirred since addressing me. This was August Spies's letter; his last word to the Governor and to the world:

Chicago, Nov. 6, 1887.

To Governor Oglesby:

Dear Sir—The fact that some of us have appealed to you for justice (under the pardoning prerogative), while others have not, should not enter into consideration in the decision of our cases. Some of my friends have asked you for an absolute pardon. They feel the injustice done them so intensely that they cannot conciliate the idea of a commutation of sentence with the consciousness of innocence. The others (among them myself), while possessed of the same feeling of indignation, can perhaps more calmly and dispassionately look upon the matter as it stands. They do not disregard the fact that, through a systematic course of lying, perverting, distorting, and slandering, the press has succeeded in creating a sentiment of bitterness and a hatred among a great portion of the populace that one man, no matter how powerful, how courageous and just he be, cannot possibly overcome. They hold that to overcome that sentiment or the influence thereof would almost be a psychological impossibility. Not wishing, therefore, to place your excellency in a still more embarrassing position between the blind fanaticism of a misinformed public on the one hand and justice on the other, they concluded to submit their case to you unconditionally.

I implore you not to let this difference of action have any weight with you in determining our fate. During our trial the desire of the prosecution to slaughter me and to let my co-defendants off with slighter punishment was quite apparent and manifest. It seemed to me then, and to a great many others, that the prosecution would be satisfied with one life—namely, mine. Grinnell in his argument intimated this very plainly.

I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and I leave the rest to the judgment of history. But to you I wish to address myself now, as the alleged arch-conspirator (leaving the fact that I have never belonged to any kind of a conspiracy out of the question altogether); if a sacrifice of life must be, will not my life suffice? The State's attorney of Cook County asked for no more. Take this, then; take my life. I offer it to you that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save the lives of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die and perhaps more so than I am. It is not for their sakes that I make this offer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interest of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilization.

In the name of the traditions of our country I beg you to prevent a sevenfold murder upon men whose only crime is that they are idealists; that they long for a better future

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for all. If legal murder there must be, let one, let mine, suffice. A. SPIES.

As the reading was concluded a deep sigh, to which apparently every one in the room contributed, marked the depth of the feeling aroused by the message of the "arch-conspirator" who stood within the shadow of the gallows. I raised my eyes from the paper in my hands and saw Governor Oglesby standing directly in front of me; on his face there was a look of deep sorrow, and his eyes were filled with tears. He did not speak, and I realized that there was nothing for him to say at that time. To break the silence that was oppressive, to the others as well as myself, I took from the desk the sheet of note-paper that Captain Black had given me as I entered the room, saying: "Governor, here is something else I have been requested to read to you." Hurriedly glancing over this note, which I had not seen before, I read it aloud, while the Governor stood with his tear-stained eyes fixed upon me.

It will be noticed that I had no time to make a copy of the note from Parsons; the original was, of course, left with Governor Oglesby. The communication was, however, very short, and now, after fifteen years, I believe I could repeat it almost word for word, but I will not presume to do so. The purport of Parsons's note to the Governor (and I employ in the main the actual language) was that, if he was guilty and must be hanged because of his presence at the Haymarket meeting, then he hoped a reprieve would be granted in his case until his wife and two children, who were also at the meeting, could be convicted and hanged with him.

"My God, this is terrible!" cried the Governor, and every person in the room felt with him and for him. I was not wholly prepared for the contents of Parsons's note, as I had been for that of Spies, and I could not have read many more such sentences; the signature saved me from a complete breakdown.

In half a minute I had myself again under control, and proceeded to present my third and last document. This might have been presented at the public hearing with others of its kind, but, with a mind full of the matter to come up at the private hearing, I had forgotten it. Nearly fifty representatives who were in attendance upon the meeting of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at the session held in Minneapolis during the preceding month, had signed an appeal to the Governor on behalf of the condemned men, and had asked me to present it. This I did.

Thanking the Governor for his unusual consideration, I withdrew from the room, accompanied by Mr. Schilling and the men who had come to learn that August Spies was not a coward. Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter remained, as they had a matter they wished to lay before Governor Oglesby.

This is the account, given without embellishment, of my first interview with Governor Oglesby on behalf of the "Chicago Anarchists." Let us see if I can give as calm a recital of the second meeting.

With the other residents of Chicago I returned to that city Wednesday night, as it was understood that the Governor would not render his decision until late on the following day. At 5:20 P.M. Thursday word came to the city from the Governor. It was just 5:22 when a reporter employed on the "Mail" rushed into my office with the information that the sentences of Fielden and Schwab had been commuted to imprisonment for life; the others must die. I hurried over to the office of Captain Black, three blocks away, to discuss with him the advisability of making one more effort by using the following telegram, which had been received about two hours before the report of the decision:

New York, N. Y., Nov. 10.

Captain W. P. Black, Chicago:

I have proof showing Anarchists to be innocent. Guilty man in New York—located. Have telegraphed to Governor Oglesby. Proof is under oath. How shall I communicate it?

AUGUST P. WAGENER,
Counselor-at-law, 59 Second Avenue.

There were in the Captain's office when I arrived there ten or twelve persons, nearly all of whom were relatives of the doomed men. More than half of those present were women and girls. They had heard the awful news from

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Springfield, and a sadder group I have never seen, and I hope I may never see the like again.

As I entered the room Captain Black stepped up to me, saying, "Just the man I wanted to see. We must make one more effort, Buchanan, desperate though it may be. Come with me," and he led me into his consultation-room. Seated in this room was a man I had never seen before. In what the newspapers printed of the last effort to secure help through the Governor, though they did not get hold of much to print, this man was mentioned as "the stranger from New York." Not to my knowledge has his real name ever been printed in connection with the Anarchist case. I can see no reason for longer keeping it secret. The man was Mr. William Fleron, a New York newspaper man. He knew the New York radicals, and appeared to have faith in the statements of the telegram quoted above. He knew the sender intimately, and believed that the meaning of the message was that the man who threw the Haymarket bomb was in the hands of the Anarchists in New York. It will be remembered that the bomb-thrower was never placed on trial.

As soon as he had introduced me to Fleron the Captain spoke of the telegram, explaining the situation briefly, and then asked me: "Will you go with us to Springfield to-night? We will place this matter before the Governor."

"I will go," was my reply. We did not waste many words in those trying days.

The Captain sent his clerk to the depot to secure railroad accommodations for three men on the Alton night train to Springfield, while we proceeded to make such arrangements as were necessary for our trip, concluding with a light supper at a quiet little restaurant, where we talked over our plans. On the way to the restaurant, the Captain sent a telegram to the Governor informing him that we would call upon him early the next morning to present new and important matter. Yes, it was a "nervy" proceeding; but you must remember that four lives were at stake. Did I say four? Yes, but four were left to struggle for. Two of the seven had received commutation of sentence from the Governor, and one had killed himself. Five minutes before nine o'clock that morning, Thursday, Louis Lingg had committed suicide in his cell in the county jail. He had discharged a fulminating cap in his mouth, and half his head had been blown off by the explosion. How he obtained possession of that cap will probably never be known. Why he had taken his life was not so hard to understand, though, of couse, there is nothing sure on that head, as the poor fellow left nothing behind him to positively settle the question. However, he had said frequently that he did not want his sentence changed to imprisonment; that he would prefer death to life without liberty.

We arrived at Springfield at seven o'clock Friday morning. It was 8:35 when we presented ourselves at the door of the executive mansion. A company of militia was on guard in the grounds of the Governor's official residence, but a few words from Captain Black carried us by the sentries. We were admitted to the mansion by an old negro servant and shown into the library. In a few minutes the Governor entered the room and greeted us in a friendly manner. Mr. Fleron was presented, and then the Governor said, "Let's have something to steady our nerves as we go along, gentlemen." Taking a box of cigars from a convenient sideboard, he passed it to each of us in turn. Fleron and I each took a cigar. Captain Black was not a smoker; how his nerves stood the awful trials of that week was and always will be a puzzle to me.

As soon as the Governor had his cigar well lighted, he said, "Well, what is this new matter you have to present?"

Without a word Captain Black placed the telegram from New York in the Governor's hand.

"Yes," said the latter, "I have also received a telegram from that man. Do you place any reliance in what he says?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Fleron, knows Mr. Wagener well," said Captain Black, "and he also knows the men in New York in whose custody undoubtedly is the man referred to in the despatch. From what Mr. Fleron has told us and

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what we have learned from other sources, we feel justified in saying we believe that there is a strong probability that the telegram states the truth."

"Admitting for the moment that you are right, what do you propose in the matter?"

"We thought of asking you for a reprieve of sixty or ninety days, to allow time to bring the alleged bomb-thrower back to the State, so that his testimony—which certainly is important—could be taken. We know that you are willing to give the men in jail, sentenced to be executed to-day, every just and legal chance for their lives, and we assume that you desire the apprehension of the bomb-thrower. Surely there is sufficient ground to justify the request we make of you, Governor."

The Governor walked the length of the room, spoke a few words to his daughter, who had entered a few moments before and had been moving noiselessly about with apparently no other object than to be near her father, then he came back to where the Captain and I stood and said:

"If I grant your request for sixty days' reprieve, will you deliver the man who threw the bomb to the authorities of the State?"

"We will do our best, and we firmly believe we will be able to turn the man over within forty-eight hours," said the Captain.

"And if I refuse to interfere with the execution of the sentence, what will you do with this man in New York?"

"In the event of your refusal we can do nothing."

Governor Oglesby turned to me and, in a voice that had in it the suspicion of a threat, said:

"Captain Black is a lawyer and understands the full import of the answer he has just given me; what is your reply to the same question, Mr. Buchanan?"

"The Captain has made the matter perfectly clear to me, and I answer as he did," was my reply.

"We presumed to consider this a confidential matter, Governor; but, in any event, we should have done what we conceived to be a duty," remarked the Captain.

"Well, let it stand that way for the present. I admire your fidelity, though I question your discretion. I must be alone to think your proposal over for a few minutes; I will not be long, as I realize that the moments are very precious;" and the Governor withdrew from the room, followed by his daughter.

When he had gone, it occurred to me that the Governor had not asked a question of Fleron. I marveled at this, but probably he thought the time was too short to go into the matter deeply, and it may be he had made up his mind before we reached Springfield.

While waiting for the Governor's return, we walked through the large open rooms on the first floor of the mansion, but we spoke not a word to each other. On the walls were large portraits of all the Governors of Illinois, but though I looked at them, it seemed to me afterward that I had not seen one of them; my thoughts were elsewhere, and my mind took no note of what my eyes beheld. I could think of nothing but the four men who sat in the cells of the Chicago jail awaiting the death which was only a little over an hour off. So, unlike the interview of two days before, my memory to-day of that second meeting with the Governor is clouded and indistinct in so far as the scene and surroundings are concerned. This I remember, however, that there was a deathlike stillness throughout and about the mansion.

Twenty minutes after the Governor left the room he returned. I looked at the little clock on the mantel as he reentered the library; it lacked twenty-four minutes of ten o'clock.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting so long, gentlemen," said the Governor. "I was called into my wife's room. She is very ill, and two physicians are with her. The strain of the past few days has been too much for her nerves."

His face wore a pained look, and his tones were full of sorrow and sympathy as he went on. "I regret very much that I must say to you I cannot interfere further with the sentence of the court in the cases of your friends. After careful thought, I fail to find grounds for any other decision in the matter you have

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placed before me this morning. While my sympathies are with the condemned men, I must regard my obligation as Governor of the State and must perform my duty. But it will be a comfort to me hereafter to remember that in the last hours of this awful tragedy the friends of the unfortunate men were by my side," and he extended one hand to Captain Black and the other to me.

The last decision was made; the hangman must do his terrible work. I am unable to portray what were my feelings at that moment. No doubt there come times in all men's lives which they cannot command words to describe; such a moment was that to me.

There were tears in the Governor's eyes as he walked with us to the door and bade us good-by. With bowed heads and aching hearts we left the executive mansion and turned toward our hotel.

Here I feel impelled to say something of my impressions of Governor Oglesby and his attitude toward the four men who were executed. I had taken prominent parts in two special attempts to secure his aid and had failed in both. It may be thought that my disappointment caused a feeling of resentment, if not worse, against the man who might have cheated the gallows of its prey but did not. In the fifteen years that have passed I have not changed the opinion expressed by me in my own paper in its first issue after the execution. I make the following excerpts from the Chicago "Enquirer's" editorial columns, issue of Monday, November 14, 1887:

> What was said by the three petitioners and the Governor has not been given to the other newspapers, and it would not be fair for 'The Enquirer' to relate it. But it is not unfair to state that Governor Oglesby was exceedingly kind and courteous at this interview, as he had been at all others, and the writer was deeply impressed with the belief that there was not on this continent a man more desirous of preventing the execution than was Richard J. Oglesby, had it not been that a stern belief of duty in the Governor stood before and barred the impulses of the man. . . . Twelve jurymen, one criminal judge, seven State supreme judges, and eight Federal judges must sometime feel a weight of woe, for any of them alone could have turned the current. The whole huge mistake was shifted to the shoulders of an old man two hundred miles from the scene, whose function is executive rather than judicial, and who had a right to trust in the ability of the courts.

Mr. Fleron left us to join an immense crowd of persons assembled in front of one of the newspaper offices, but the Captain and I went on to the hotel. When we reached the hotel, the Captain said he would go to a room and lie down for a while, and advised me to do likewise, but I declined to do so. There were but two persons in the lobby of the hotel when I entered. One of these was the proprietor, who sat upon a high stool behind the office counter at one end of the large room, with the telephone receiver in his hand. The other was a young newspaper woman from Cincinnati, who had been "doing" the Anarchist case in Springfield during the week. Her name was McLean; her paper was the Cincinnati "Commercial."

As I dropped into a chair near the office end of the lobby, Miss McLean came up to me and, in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, asked, "What is the Governor's decision?"

"Against us," I replied.

The sympathetic little woman dragged one of the big chairs up to where I sat and, seating herself, began to talk of the "awful thing that is about to be done." I was conscious of very little she said, though I knew that sometimes her voice and manner were all tenderness and sympathy, and that at other times she seemed to be a fiery little bundle of indignation, and that all the time she was weeping. How long we sat there thus I do not know. It was in one of her quieter moments that Miss McLean was interrupted by the voice of the hotel proprietor.

"Would you like to hear the bulletins?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered my little friend.

"The one I have just received says, 'The men have left their cells and are mounting the scaffold.'"

I hear a sob near me and then the hum of the woman's voice begins again.

"The caps and nooses are being adjusted," announces the man at the 'phone.

Silence for a moment, then the man's voice again:

"Spies is speaking. He says, 'There will be a time when our silence will be

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more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day.'"

A deep sigh from the woman in front of me. My eyes are fixed upon the clock which hangs from the wall at the other end of the lobby.

"Fischer cries, 'This is the happiest moment of my life!' Engel shouts, 'Hurrah for Anarchy!'"

Deathlike stillness now in the room. The little woman has ceased her sympathetic chatter.

"Parsons is speaking, 'Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! Oh'—

"The trap has fallen!"

The hands on the big clock pointed to 12:02. A woman screams. I can hold up no longer. Grown man though I am, my face is deluged with tears. But an ocean of tears could not wash from my memory the recollections of that week and that hour.

The Stars

The Tale of a Provençal Shepherd

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by Edith A. Sawyer

WHILE I was guarding the flocks on Lubenon Mountain, sometimes I remained whole weeks without seeing a living soul, alone with my dog and my sheep. Occasionally the hermit of the mountains passed by, hunting for herbs, or perchance I saw the black face of a Piedmont charcoal-burner; but these were simple men, silent through force of habit, men who had lost the liking for speech and who knew nothing of what went on down in the villages and towns.

I was indeed happy, therefore, when every fortnight I heard coming up the road the bells of our farm-mule, and when I saw the jolly face of the little farm-boy or the red head-dress of old Aunt Norade appearing from under the hill with my provisions for the next two weeks. I made the messenger tell me all the news of the countryside, the baptisms, the marriages; but what interested me more than anything else was to hear about my master's daughter, Stepanette, the fairest maiden for leagues around. Without appearing to take too much interest, I inquired if she attended the fêtes and the village gatherings, if there were always new admirers; and to those who asked what this mattered to me, a poor mountain shepherd, I answered that I was twenty years old, and that Stepanette was the most beautiful maiden I had seen in all my life.

One Sunday, as I awaited the fortnight's provisions, I began to realize that they were late in arriving. At ten o'clock I said to myself, "It is because of the high mass." Then, when toward noon there came a great tempest, I thought the mule was not able to make the journey on account of the bad state of the roads. Finally, however, at three o'clock, the sky grew lighter, the mountain gleamed under sudden sunshine, and I heard, amidst the rain dropping from the leaves and the overflowing rush of the swollen streams, the bells of our mule, as clear and gay as a great chiming of church bells on an Easter day.

But it was not the little farm-boy, nor yet the old Norade, who was driving the mule. It was my master's daughter herself, flushed and rosy with the fresh mountain air, seated between the willow baskets.

The farm-boy was ill, Aunt Norade away on a holiday with her children. The beautiful Stepanette told me all this as she descended from the mule, also that she was late in coming because she had lost her way. To see her dressed in her flowered ribbons, soft laces, and bright petticoat, one would think she was arrayed for some fête rather than for finding her way in the thickets. Oh, the charming creature! I could not keep my eyes away from her. True, I had never seen her so near before. Sometimes in the winter, when the flocks had come down from the mountain and I was

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at the farm for supper, she—always richly dressed and a little proud—would pass through the hall quickly, without deigning to speak to the servants. Now she was here alone with me. Was this not enough to make me lose my head?

When the provisions were taken out of the baskets, Stepanette looked around her curiously. Lifting a little her gay Sunday petticoat lest it should be frayed by the branches, she entered the sheep-fold, wanting to see my shepherd's crook, my gun, my great coat hanging on the wall, my straw pallet with its sheep-skin covering. All these things amused her.

"So it is here that you live, my poor shepherd? How lonely you must be! What do you think about?"

I had difficulty not to reply, "About you, mistress!" And it would have been the truth. But my agitation was so great that I could not utter a word. I believe, indeed, that she saw this, and wickedly took pleasure in increasing my embarrassment.

"And is there not some good friend, shepherd, who comes to see you at times? The sheep with the golden fleece ought to come, or the fairy Esterelle, who visits only the mountain tops." She herself, as she said this, with a dainty toss of her head, turning to depart, might have been the fairy Esterelle.

"Adieu, shepherd!"

"A safe return, mistress!" I answered; and she was gone with the empty baskets.

As she disappeared down the pathway it seemed to me that the pebbles, rolling from under the feet of her mule, fell one by one on my heart. I heard them for a long, long time; and even until nightfall I remained as if dazed, not daring to move, lest the dream of her visit should vanish.

Toward evening, as the depths of the valley grew blue and the sheep came, bleating, running against one another, to get into the fold, I heard some one call me from the dim pathway, and, lo! Stepanette appeared, no longer laughing, but trembling with cold and fear.

Down in the valley she had found the river swollen by the rainfall, and, trying to cross, had been almost drowned. It was too late to think of her being able to reach the farm, for the road which she must needs traverse she could never find alone, and I could not leave my sheep. She was terrified at the idea of passing the night on the mountain. But I reassured her. "In July the nights are short, mistress."

I quickly lighted a great fire to dry her feet, and her dress, all soaked as it was with water. Then I placed milk and cheese before her. The poor little lady, however, did not wish to warm herself or to eat. Seeing the great tears come into her eyes, I had difficulty not to weep myself.

The night had now fallen. On the mountain-crest alone a glow remained from a cloud of vapor lighted by the setting sun. Having spread a beautiful new skin over some fresh straw in the sheep-fold, I begged my lady to try to sleep, and bade her good-night, seating myself outside the door. God knows that, stirred as my heart was, no other thought came to me than one of great pride that in a corner of the sheep-fold, surrounded by the curious flock who watched her sleep, my master's daughter, herself a lamb whiter and more precious than all the others, reposed, confident of my care. Never had the heavens appeared to me so profound, never the stars so brilliant.

Suddenly the door of the sheep-fold opened, and Stepanette appeared. She could not sleep: the foolish sheep rustled the straw or bleated in their dreams; she would rather be nearer the fire. Seeing this, I put my goatskin over her shoulders and stirred the fire. Then we sat, one near the other, without speaking.

If one has ever passed a night under the stars, one knows that during the hours when most people sleep a mysterious world awakens in the solitude and the silence. It is then that the streams sing more clearly and the pools give back the starlight. All the mountain spirits come and go freely, and the air is full of light touches, almost imperceptible sounds, as if one could hear the branches growing, the grass springing forth. The day is the life of beings, but the night is the life of things. When one is not accustomed to it, one is afraid.

So my master's daugher trembled, and leaned against me at the least noise. Once a long, melancholy cry arising from

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a pool which glistened lower down came toward us in waves. At the very instant a falling star glided over our heads in the same direction, as if the cry carried a light with it.

"What is that?" asked Stepanette in a low voice.

"A soul entering Paradise, mistress." And I made the sign of the cross. She also crossed herself and looked up meditatively for a moment.

"Is it true that you are wizards, you shepherds?"

"Far from it, mistress. But we live nearer the stars, and we know what happens better than the people on the plains."

She was still looking up, her head resting on her hand. Surrounded by the goatskin, she looked like a little celestial herdsman.

"How beautiful the stars are! I have never seen so many. Do you know their names, shepherd?"

"Oh, yes, mistress. See! just above us is the Path of St. Jacques,[1] which leads from France to Spain; it was St. Jacques de Galice who pointed out the road to the brave Charlemagne when he was making war on the Saracens. Farther beyond is the Chariot of Souls, with its four splendid wheels. The three stars in front are the three steeds, and the little one behind is the Charioteer. Do you see all around the Chariot that rain of falling stars? Those are the souls whom the good God will not admit to heaven. A little lower down is the Rack, which serves us shepherds as a clock; looking at it now I know that midnight has passed. But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, is ours, the Shepherds' Star, which lights us at daybreak when we go forth with the sheep, and at nightfall when we return to the fold. We call this star Magnelonne—the beautiful Magnelonne, whom Pierre de Provence followed and married after seven years."

"What, shepherd? Are there marriages among the stars?"

"Oh, yes, mistress!"

As I went on explaining the stars, I felt something delicate fall lightly on my shoulder. It was her head, freighted with slumber, which leaned against me with its charming burden of ribbons and waving hair.

Stepanette rested thus, without stirring, until the stars paled in the sky before the coming day. I watched her sleeping, moved to the depths of my soul, protected by the clear night. Around us the stars continued their silent march, obedient as a great flock; and for the time I imagined that one of the most brilliant, most exquisite stars, having lost its way, had alighted on my shoulder to sleep.

[1] All these details of popular astronomy are from the Provençal Almanac, published in Avignon.

Recent Volumes of Verse[2]

THE season has not been rich in poetry; no recent season has been. In the past decade some finely turned and genuine poetry has come from Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Woodberry, Dr. van Dyke, Mr. Moody, Mr. Carman, Mr. Roberts, and a little group of young writers; but the total production has been small in mass, however admirable in quality. It is, of course, philistinism of the rankest kind to measure poetry by its bulk; but it is also true that when poetry of a high order is produced there is usually a good deal of it; as it is true that writers of great force and originality are almost without exception prolific writers as well. It may be suspected that the moment is not favorable to the poetic temperament, and that the poetic mind gets very little inspiration from the air of the time. There are evidences, on the other hand, that there is a deep craving for poetry of a profoundly human if not of a highly artistic kind; and that

[2] *The Five Nations.* By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
For England. Poems Written during Estrangement. By William Watson. John Lane, New York.
In the Seven Woods. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Castalian Days. By Lloyd Mifflin. Henry Frowde, New York.
Poems. By Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Pipes of Pan. Number Three. Songs of the Sea Children. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
Sappho. One Hundred Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

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much of the verse of the time appeals to few readers, not because it is too good in quality, but because it does not touch the heart of things and the hearts of men. A good deal of delicate, deeply felt, and carefully wrought verse is produced which goes to the few who understand its content and speak its language. It is true poetry, but it is not of the kind which stirs and moves and passes into the mind of the age by its own vibration.

Now, of this elementary power, this command of the forces which move the age and which are part of every man's life, Mr. Kipling's verse has had an unusual share. His limitations and faults are obvious: he does not habitually penetrate to the soul of things; his instinct does not guide unerringly to the seat and secret of spiritual power; he does not put a torch to the imagination and kindle a light in which we catch a glimpse of remote horizons; he is often hard, materialistic, devoid of the higher vision; he feeds the hates and nourishes the prejudices of his time with barbaric frankness, until he seems to be simply a resonant drummer marching at the head of the army of workers and builders and fighters, without a thought for the thinkers, the lovers, the dreamers, the idealists of the race. He is at times as hard, brilliant, uninspiring as a military band which sets the pulses beating and leaves the soul cold. These are some of his faults; to which must be added that he is often a heedless and sometimes a very indifferent workman.

But this is not all of Mr. Kipling; he shows the quality of the true poet in three notable aspects: he feels and sees one great movement of his time; he grapples boldly with the instruments and materials of his age and portrays them; and he gives words fresh and searching power. These are the marks and signs of the true poet, and they must not be obscured by the fact that Mr. Kipling is often dangerously near the standards and taste of the music-hall singers, and that the blaze which he kindles diffuses heat rather than light.

The higher leadership he has so far, except in rare moments, refused to take; the nobler vision he has declined to see; there is no room for him yet with the great singers. But his age has neither cowed nor silenced him; he has seen and felt the profoundly human, if he has often failed to recognize the spiritual side of the irresistible movement of the active and dominant races to subdue the earth and make it fruitful. He has often been called the poet of rampant imperialism, the laureate of the modern version and practice of the gospel of force; but he is more than this, or he would not have set the pulses of his age beating: he has caught the rhythm of a great tide in human affairs and again and again he has flung its music into the tumult and surf of the rushing sea with masterly audacity and power. More than this: he has revealed at times extraordinary force and penetration of imagination; witness his rendering in terms of human experience of the organized skill and power of the steamship and the locomotive. One of the tests of the true poet is his ability to find the material of art under his feet. Mr. Kipling has spent no time bewailing the undramatic and unpoetic character of his epoch; he has searched for and found the stuff of which art is made. He cares little for abstract ideas, and so his poetry rarely rises to a high plane; but he has a tremendous grip on realities, and so his poetry arrests, stirs, and will not be set aside.

"The Five Nations," like "The Seven Seas," is a significant title; it makes us aware that we are not in feudal England or even in the England of Mr. Gladstone, but in the world-wide domain of present English activity and energy. It suggests the noblest truth in Mr. Kipling's verse—that the world has become one great field of common endeavor, and that it is to be mastered by heroic toil, sustained by heroic sacrifice:

> Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us somethin' new:
> The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye—good luck to you!"

There is a good deal of the familiar beating of drums, the well-worn slang of the camp, the unabashed barbarism of the primitive man who carries a club and takes what he wants, in this volume; there are lines in which rough energy

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makes a clean sweep of imaginative power and poetic beauty; there are loud echoes of the music-hall; but there are also touches of noble imagination, and the rush and compelling power of lines that seem to rise like the crest of the wave out of the deeps of life. Such audacity of imagery, such bold, free handling of verse form, as one finds in "The Bell-Buoy," "The Destroyers," "The White Horses," are not found in the work of any other contemporary English poet. No recent collection of verse has shown a greater gift or more frequent misuse of it than "The Five Nations;" in none has there been more of the force which sets words in a fresh order and makes them live with a deeper vitality; in none has genius so clearly revealed and so often withdrawn itself; in none has there been so great a poetic force fed with such inadequate spiritual ideas. Mr. Kipling has done much; he can do much; it is still an open question whether he is to be the laureate of a great movement in human affairs and to take his place with the singers who have been, as Heine wished to be, soldiers in the war for the liberation of humanity; or to be counted in the end a brilliant, uncertain, half-inspired celebrator of the material victories of the age.

Mr. Watson interprets English ideals from another standpoint, and his volume, "For England," may be placed side by side with "The Five Nations" as its complement. These poems, as the sub-title tells us with perhaps a touch of egotism, were "written during estrangement." The event which called them forth was the struggle with the Boers for the possession of South Africa; but they have a wider scope and a higher significance. They express in no uncertain tones the duty of England to the weaker races and the old English passion for freedom. Whatever may be thought of the questions involved, no one can read these poems without recognizing their sincerity and the passion for justice in the poet's mind. Mr. Watson's genius is not, however, quite in sympathy with his convictions and his heart, and though these poems contain many strong lines, they do not rise to the level, as poetry, of his earlier work. He is essentially a poet of meditation, and although the fire sometimes burns in the veins of the singer of the quiet life, as it did more than once in the veins of Wordsworth, the lyric fervor and freedom do not descend on Mr. Watson in protest as they did on Mr. Watson meditating at the grave of Wordsworth. The lines are often impressive because of the nobility of their purpose, but they fall short of inspiration; they lack the final fusion of passion with speech. One of the most successful poems in the collection bears the title "Rome and Another:"

She asked for all things, and dominion such
as never man had known.
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by touch,
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungerest for the globe,
Restrain thy conquering feet,
Lest the same Fates that spun thy purple robe
Should weave thy winding-sheet.

The passage from England to Ireland is short, but a world of history dissolved into temperament and rising in dissimilar ideals lies between these two books of verse by representative English poets and Mr. W. B. Yeats's slender volume "In the Seven Woods." To Mr. Kipling the seven seas are the open highways in which men strive for mastery with the elements and with one another; to Mr. Yeats the seven woods are the haunts of ancient shapes, blown about by mysterious fates, and of such dreams as lurk in vague and shadowy places where reality fades into elusive images and the things that have been mingle with the things that are. Last week The Outlook gave its readers some account of this very interesting Irish poet and of the movement for the revival of the Celtic language and literature and the creation of a Celtic drama, of which he is a conspicuous leader. How far that movement will go and how effective it will be remains to be seen; at this moment it is interesting chiefly as an expression of the Celtic temperament and of a new channel through which the Irish genius may influence the modern world. One of the Irish leaders in Parliament, in conversation with the writer

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of this comment some time ago, said that the Irish were ineffective politicians, and that their best approach to England would be along the lines of their peculiar genius.

That genius, so sympathetically interpreted by Renan and Matthew Arnold, is disclosed with as much definiteness as so elusive a quality permits, in Mr. Yeats's two volumes of essays, "The Celtic Twilight" and "Ideas of Good and Evil," and still more deeply if less clearly in his books of verse, of which "In the Seven Woods" is the most recent. Here are to be found the love of nature for herself and the deep sense of her mystery and magic, the vague but deeply felt kinship between nature and man, the brooding sense of fate, the vein of melancholy, the extreme sensitiveness of the imagination, the consciousness of the infinite enfolding life on every side, issuing in the "reaction against the despotism of fact" which gives Celtic myth, tradition, legend, poetry, and oratory their distinctive and appealing qualities.

The poems in this volume deal chiefly with stories and characters of the Irish heroic age, and, like all Mr. Yeats's work, are notable for delicacy and refinement rather than vigor of touch, for sensibility rather than force of imagination, and for that quality of atmosphere which is one of the most subtle expressions of temperament. The reader of Mr. Yeats does not always receive definite impressions, but he is aware at all times that he is in a world in which poetry is a natural form of speech, in which dreams are indistinguishable from realities; a world, in a word, which is a refuge for a race the genius of which has not greatly succeeded in dealing with the actualities of life, but has never lost possession of its rich heritage of imagination, sentiment, and feeling.

It is still another world into which one passes when he opens Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's book of sonnets, "Castalian Days." The title is as significant as any that have been quoted in this comment; it discloses the point of view of the poet. For poetry, which is a song of action to Mr. Kipling and of protest to Mr. Watson, is to Mr. Mifflin, as to Mr. Yeats, a refuge from the tumult and money-getting of the age. He does not seek to pierce and seize what is behind the rush and uproar, but to escape from them. In this volume, as in its predecessor from the same hand, there is deep-seated longing for an atmosphere in which beauty is at home and love finds the first place. To regain for himself these qualities, Mr. Mifflin turns to places and times which are clothed in poetic association. He has not the classical touch, for he excels in mellifluous flow rather than in clear-cut outline of speech; but he loves the classical background and mood. He handles the sonnet form, as The Outlook has said before, with ease and grace but not with fresh and individual power, and he conforms to its somewhat rigid requirements without betraying any sense of restriction. His work reveals the poetic temperament without disclosing any notable individuality of poetic gift. It is always musical, refined, high-bred, and suggestive of the first poetic associations. A sonnet taken almost at random will make its quality clear:

WITH A GREEK HERDSMAN

Still doth the shepherd on the mountain-chain
Follow his flock along the thymy hills
Of Arachova, where the foamy rills
Carol their music to the Delphian plain.
As from some jutting bluff where he hath lain
Prone with his herd among the daffodils,
Seaward he stares, the nightingale's rich trills
Greet him with rapture of a wild refrain.
Behind him stand the twin Phædriades
That in the blue of Hellas shadowy soar;
Sleeps to the south the far Corinthian bay,
And dimly blooms, adown the western way,
The Acarnanian and Ætolian shore,
Past capes of Elis to the Ionian seas.

In Miss Daskam's "Poems" another note is sounded; the note of intimate experience, of close touch with sweet, familiar things, of the mystery and wonder of childhood, of the fairyland that lies at the door. The poems which make up this slender volume are full of feminine tenderness for helpless and forlorn things, of feminine sympathy with unfulfilled hopes and baffled longings, of intimations of love and loss. They are songs of the heart and of the fancy; short, unhackneyed in image and phrase, and not lacking those unexpected associations, turns of thought, variations of

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well-worn phrase, which are part of all true poetry. Miss Daskam has written much that is clever, quaint, original; she has shown unusual knowledge of the heart and mind of childhood, and the children of her fancy have borne the stamp of distinct individuality. Her work has been varied and uneven in quality and workmanship, and she has sometimes forced the note; but she has revealed a distinct talent both in prose and verse; and in this book of verse she is at her best.

In the rearrangement of Mr. Carman's poetical work "Songs of the Sea Children" is the third volume, and finds its motives and themes chiefly in pictures, hints, and glimpses of the sea. The lyric note, so characteristic of Mr. Carman's verse, is struck continually, and often with a strong, sure hand. Of his unusual talent, his sensitive, responsive imagination, quick to feel the charm and mystery of the world, and to give it back in fresh imagery and free, unconventional speech, there has long ceased to be any doubt. It is easy to question his methods, it is no longer possible to question his poetic insight and fire. His verse is touched again and again with that freshness of feeling and of phrase which only the elect command, and he is continually coming upon those great pieces of good fortune in subject and turn of speech which the muses put in the paths of their children. Not all the work in the world can overtake these happy "finds" if one pursues them of set purpose; but if one has the talisman, they spring up in the highway as four-leaf clovers seem to lie always under the hand of the lucky. Mr. Carman's range is not great, if his work to this time fully reveals it; nor is he greatly concerned with some of those problems which haunt the consciousness of the greater poets, though he has more than once touched them; he contents himself, for the most part, with lyric transcriptions of nature seen in her most intimate and elusive moods, by a poet who has been called pagan because he gives himself completely to the free, wild, joyous movement of things. Of this free movement, this vitality which justifies itself by its overflowing and streaming power, which witnesses to itself in the vagrant fragrance of the flower, the wandering of the wind, the shining of the star indifferently splendid over waste plans or crowded towns, the surge and roll of the sea on its vast and solitary playgrounds, Mr. Carman is pre-eminently the singer. There is no hint of a commercial age, of tidal movements of population, of the strife and tumult of the time, in his verse; he is as much and as far outside of these things as if he lived on another planet. In such verse as his one gets the full reaction from some contemporary conditions against which the imagination vehemently protests. Mr. Carman sometimes touches his notes with a careless hand and mars the rhythm; he is sometimes mystifying without the excuse of profundity; he is too careless, at times, of his workmanship; but he has notable gifts, and this volume is full of insight and charm. One little song reveals his individuality of diction:

O wind and stars, I am with you now;
  And ports of day, Good-by!
When my captain Love puts out to sea,
  His mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,
  And launch upon the pebbly shore.
The tide pulls out, and hints of time
  Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing
  Crowding the gloom with haste;
I scud through the large and solemn world,
  And skim the wan grey waste.

O stars and wind, be with me now;
  And ports of night draw near!
No sooner the longed-for sea mark shines,
  Than the very dark grows dear.

The attempt to reproduce, from fragments and unrelated lines, the lost poems of Sappho is an audacious undertaking relieved by one great element of safety: there is no possible way of judging of its success or failure. In the beautifully made small quarto which presents the one hundred lyrics in which Mr. Carman has made this heroic venture he gives us his conception of the lost work of a poet whose greatness is attested chiefly by the reflection of her radiance upon her contemporaries and the poets who succeeded her. Since the question cannot be settled, the fidelity of these imaginary renderings is

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unimportant; what is important is the quality of the verse in which they are cast. It may be suspected that this verse does not flame with Sappho's passion, but it is touched throughout with great beauty of thought and phrase. A single example will convey an impression of the quality of the collection:

When in the spring the swallows all return,
And the bleak, bitter sea grows mild once more,
With all its thunders softened to a sigh;

When to the meadows the young green comes back,
And swelling buds put forth on every bough,
With wild-wood odors on the delicate air;

Ah, then, in that so lovely earth wilt thou
With all thy beauty love me all one way,
And make me all thy lover as before?

Lo, where the white-maned horses of the surge,
Plunging in thunderous onset on the shore,
Trample and break and charge along the sand!

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

After Sunset. By Rosamund Marriott Watson. John Lane, New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages.

Apologetics, or the Rational Vindication of Christianity. By Francis A. Beattie, B.D., Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. In 3 vols. Vol. I. **Fundamental Apologetics.** The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 6×9½ in. 605 pages. $2, net. (Postage, 26c.)

Under this title Dr. Beattie presents the first installment of a work designed to cover the entire field of his subject more completely than any of the now existing treatises in our language. In vindication of the fundamental grounds of Christian belief the present volume is devoted to an exposition of theistic philosophy, or theism, as the rational basis of Christianity. Theism is well defined as the belief in infinite personal Spirit as the ground of the universe of being. The argument for this is presented, first, in the "psychology of theism"—the nature and origin of religious and theistic belief; next in the "ontology of theism"—the various proofs of the existence of God, not as demonstrations of the fact, but as vindications of the rationality of the belief. The substance of the whole argument involves an exhaustive critique of the positions held by theistic and anti-theistic writers. Dr. Beattie's general treatment of his subject is masterly. It reminds one, however, of Dr. Flint's remark that an entirely satisfactory statement of theism must absorb all the truth there is in pantheism. It is a question whether Dr. Beattie has done this. If the immanence of God, which in terms he fully recognizes, is to be discerned in full effect, the evolution of divine revelation from within would seem a natural consequence. This Dr. Beattie does not admit, but postulates a primitive external revelation of God to men "in a more personal way" than now. Another principle of an adequate theism inseparable from the idea of divine immanence, but not reckoned in by Dr. Beattie, is the idea of the infinite as the self-limiting as well as the limitless. Dr. Beattie thinks that the existence of evil, especially of moral evil, "presses hard on the theistic theory." One may think rather that his view of moral evil as "abnormal" in the universe betrays the inadequacy of a theism that so regards it. Original chaos as antecedent to ultimate cosmos is not abnormal in the physical view of things. Why, then, abnormal in the spiritual view? The making of man, the evolution of moral nature now in progress, involves a process of reducing chaotic conditions to order similar to that involved in the making of this once uninhabitable planet the abode of men. In these points the theistic philosophy presented by Dr. Beattie, while elsewhere admirable, seems still to lack completeness.

Atonement and the Modern Mind (The). By James Denney, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 159 pages. $1, net.

A question now dividing opinion in the Church is, What is the central truth of Christianity? The Evangelicals of a century ago held it to be the Atonement. Many present-day Christians hold it to be the Incarnation, some limiting the word to the person of Christ, others taking it in the general meaning that man is the child of God, and with the consequent thought of the essential oneness of the divine and human. Dr. Denney in this thoughtful monograph pronounces for the Atonement. It is "the focus of revelation . . . it is Christianity in brief." He does not ground its truth in the Scriptures, though finding it there, but rather on the basis of "incontrovertible experience" attesting itself in Christian consciousness. The Scripture teaching, thus attested within, is that the forgiveness of sins has been mediated through the death of Christ. Dr. Denney reviews the tendencies and temper of modern thought toward this statement with the purpose of enlisting the best thought to accept his proposition—mainly

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the two characteristically modern demands for an experimental basis of belief and an ethical construction of religious tenets. His argument is persuasive. To many it will carry the conviction which it breathes. But analysis finds a flaw in it. It is, as he says, the incontrovertible experience of multitudes that forgiveness has been mediated *to them* through the death of Christ. Their consciousness testifies that, but for this, they would not have come into peace with God. The Christian consciousness here appealed to is so far conclusive. But beyond this, into the *why* and the *how* of the fact it attests, consciousness cannot go. It is quite inadmissible to cite consciousness as a witness for such propositions as that evangelic repentance is impossible except in view of the dying Christ—a statement which Christian biography from the time of Justin Martyr till now repeatedly contradicts. Inferential theology must be discriminated from the simple data of conscious experience. These raise but cannot answer the question, Was the hindrance to forgiveness which, in a given case, the Cross of Christ served to remove, in God, or was it in one's self? Dr. Denney holds that there was an objective hindrance in God, as well as a subjective hindrance in self, and that the death of Jesus provided "the only way in which God could forgive." Whether this be true or not, it is certainly true that no such proposition can be logically based on "incontrovertible experience."

Bishop Butler: An Appreciation, with the Best Passages of his Writings. Selected and Arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 223 pages. $1.50.

Though the argument of the "Analogy" has been antiquated by the outgrowing of deistic modes of thought common alike to skeptics and Christian apologetes in the eighteenth century, the fame of its great author is secure in the history of philosophic and ethical thought. In his "Appreciation" Dr. Whyte has dealt impartially with his merits and defects. The anthology of Butler's best passages here collected is opportune for those lacking leisure or inclination for the continuous reading of his "Analogy and Sermons" in Bohn's Standard Library.

Brief History of the Indian Peoples (A). By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. (Twenty-third Edition.) The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England. 5×7½ in. 260 pages.

This history dates from the time when "an early gifted race, ethnically akin to our own, welded the primitive forest tribes into settled communities." It concludes with the coronation darbár of 1903. The author's hope is that it will teach "young Englishmen and young natives of India to think more kindly of each other." It embodies in small compass the latest results of historical research and scrutiny of official records, with the figures of the census of 1901. That it has been translated into five languages, and been adopted for use in English and Indian schools and colleges, is its sufficient commendation to American readers.

Builders of the Beautiful. By H. L. Piner. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 303 pages. $1.50, net.

Readers of this book will see that some conceptions of what it is to be "spiritual" are narrow. It does not mention St. Paul, but applies his saying, "Ye are the temple of God." The divinest art is the soul's building of the body. "We grow like the thoughts we think." Apish, foxy, swinish characters, and the characters of the pure, sincere, and kindly, stamp themselves upon face and form. Dr. Anderson, director of gymnastics at Yale, is quoted for the truth that degenerate mental states create corresponding degeneration in physical fiber and tissue. All real beauty is moral, and all true art is spiritual. Mr. Piner writes in a graceful style, pointed, often epigrammatic and quotable. He has thought profoundly on his subject, and read to good purpose. His margins are enriched with the choice sayings of many writers apposite to the thoughts he would inculcate. However high the ideal he presents, it does not seem beyond realization: time is an important element, and Dr. Holmes's saying comes to mind, that for the ripest result the beginning must be made with one's grandfather. The master force of religion is not left out of account in Mr. Piner's estimate: "You cannot leave the Christ spirit out of your life if you would be truly beautiful. Hold fast the idea of your oneness with God."

Cæsar's Gallic War. Edited by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks. (Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series.) Illustrated. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 556 pages.

Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. (Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4×6 in. 200 pages.

Connoisseur's Library (The). In 20 vols. Vol. XV. **Mezzotints.** By Cyril Davenport. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 7×10½ in. 208 pages. Per vol., $6.75, net.

The new Connoisseur's Library appears in sumptuous paper, print, illustration, and binding. The volumes are to comprise histories and descriptions of bookbindings, books, bronzes, coins and medals, enamels, engraved gems, etchings, glass, goldsmith's and silversmith's work, illuminated manuscripts, ivories, jewelry, mosaics and stained glass, furniture, seals, miniatures, and mezzotints. The volume comprising the history and description of mezzotints is now before us, and is a well-nigh ideal specimen of the bookbinder's art. Though the fifteenth in the series, it is the first to be published. It is the work of Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, who is acting as the general editor of the series. Mr. Davenport is an acknowledged authority in his particular subject, and is connected with a museum which has the finest collection of mezzotint engravings in the world. The present volume has a double value: first, because it comprises a detailed catalogue of mezzotints, and, secondly, because it should be an incentive to the taste for them. Its first value

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will appeal to collectors, its second to the general reader. The latter may remember that of all styles of engraving, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion, mezzotinting is the one best calculated to express a painter-like feeling.

Donatello. By Lord Balcarres. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 21 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays and Criticisms. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 267 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays of Leigh Hunt (The). Edited by Arthur Symons. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 368 pages. $1.25.

Everyday English: Book II. Language Lessons for Grammar Grades. By Jean Sherwood Rankin. 5½×7¾ in. 342 pages. 60c.

Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). By Austin Dobson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Force of Mind (The); or, The Mental Factor in Medicine. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $2.

Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted (The). Selected by Alice Jennings. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 235 pages. $1, net.

Selections full of freshness and vigor, and centering about the qualities which St. Paul tells us are the fruits of the spirit, comprise this volume, which is well adapted for the use of those who like to take some thought or verse with which to begin the day.

Gentle Art of Making Enemies (The). By James McNeill Whistler. (Third Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6¼×8½ in. 340 pages. $3.75.

The discussions following Mr. Whistler's death have made it appropriate and interesting to publish this new edition of his whimsical and satirical attack on all who differed with him in the canons of art, and more particularly upon Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Hamerton. The special matters in dispute have long passed into the realm of the forgotten and futile, but Whistler was "a bonny fighter," as Alan Breck says, and his joy in the combat still entertains, while his title has become a "familiar quotation."

Great Optimist and Other Essays (The). By Leigh Mitchell Hodges ("Mitchell"). The Dodge Publishing Co., New York. 6×9 in. 35 pages.

Mr. Hodges has effectually disposed of "The Cynic" in a Philadelphia paper by his rival column entitled "The Optimist." In the present volume his particular type of optimism shines forth with double impressiveness to those who at this holiday time like to have books served up to them in very remarkable style as to paper, print, and binding. They can find no fault with this volume in these respects. It is sufficiently striking to be differentiated from any other publication, and immediately to attract attention, while the text is worthy of such treatment. For the soberer reader, we hope that another edition may one day appear in somewhat more compact size and in a plain cloth binding. For Mr. Hodges's little essays deserve widest circulation. They are good to read, and they will be of benefit wherever they are read. Not only are they good in themselves, but each has that highest merit of all art—suggestiveness.

Hannah and Her Seven Sons: An Incident of the Persecution of the Jews by the Syrian Monarch Antiochus Epiphanes, 167 B.C. By Minnie Dessau Louis. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 102 W. 75th St., New York. 5×7½ in. 31 pages.

History of Painting in Italy, Umbria, Florence, and Siena: From the Second to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Langton Douglas, Assisted by S. Arthur Strong. Illustrated. In 6 vols. Vol. I., **Early Christian Art.** Vol. II., **Giotto and the Giottesques.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. Sold only in sets. $36, net.

Both Sir Joseph Crowe and the Cavaliere Giovanni Battista Cavalcaselle passed from the scene of their earthly labors some years ago. Before these events took place, however, there had been rumors that a new edition would shortly appear of their great work, "The History of Painting in Italy," a work long and justly recognized as a standard. Two volumes of the second edition have now appeared. We do not find in it a mere revision; in a large degree it is a new work. It is true that at the time of their deaths the distinguished Englishman and Italian had rewritten much of the text and had collected great store of materials relating to later periods. This revised text and these notes are republished, Messrs. Douglas and Strong, the present editors, merely making ordinary proof-reader's corrections. The new edition, however, is not so remarkable because of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's revision as because of the addition by the present editors, in specially marked notes, of the results of their own researches, together with some genuine discoveries recently made by other students in Italian art. The differences between the former and the present writers are especially observable in the treatment of Cimabue, but many a note and comment serves to show how much archivists and connoisseurs have done to elucidate the history of art during the forty years which have elapsed since the work first appeared.

How to Make a Flower Garden. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 370 pages. $1.60, net.

A welcome addition to the list of excellent nature books published by this firm. Its several chapters have been prepared by specialists, its pictures are fine and true to nature, and the practical help afforded to the would-be home-gardener is valuable.

Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (The). By James Boswell. In 2 vols. (The Caxton Thin-Paper Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. Per vol., $1.50, net.

The latest addition to the Caxton Edition is printed, like its predecessors, from large type on very thin but opaque paper and

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bound in red leather, with effective gilt stamping.

Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book (The). By Henry Harrison Suplee, B.Sc., M.E. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×7 in. 834 pages. $5.50, net.

Memorial of Horace Tracy Pitkin. By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 310 pages. $1, net.

The subject of this memoir, a member of the Yale class of 1892, entered into missionary work in China in 1897, and perished with his associates at Paotingfu, July 1, 1900, in the Boxer fury. No nobler type of manhood has sprung from our soil. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." The newly instituted Yale mission in China draws inspiration from Pitkin's short but noble life, whose rare influence will exhale from the pages of this memorial wherever read.

Metre of Macbeth (The): Its Relation to Shakespeare's Earlier and Later Work. By David Laurance Chambers, A.M. Published by the Graduate School of Princeton University. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 5½×9¼ in. 70 pages.

Natural Number Primer (The). By David Gibbs, S.B. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5¾×7¾ in. 107 pages.

Optimism: An Essay. By Helen Keller. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 76 pages. 75c. (Postage, 8c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Our Own and Other Worlds. By Joseph Hamilton. Illustrated. William Briggs, Toronto, Canada. 5×8 in. 203 pages.

Plea for the Children (A). By Mina Price. Frank Vierth, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 3¼×5 in. 16 pages. 5c.

Primer of English Literature (A). By Abby Willis Howes. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 190 pages.

Psychology of Child Development (The). By Irving King. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×7½ in. 265 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

In our opinion, the real interest in child-study lies in the light to be gained concerning the functions of growth and, by contrast, concerning the arrest of growth and how that is effected. The functional is necessary to complete the genetic. The reading of such a book as this, therefore, should greatly help us to answer the daily arising questions: How does the growth of a human being proceed? What helps it? What hinders it? How are these results brought about? Mr. King's volume is valuable to parents, teachers, and psychologists alike, making them not only more sympathetic with children but more artistic in the education of children.

Russian Advance (The). By Albert J. Beveridge. With Maps. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 86 pages. $2.50, net.

Senator Beveridge's book well deserves a place alongside the interesting and worthwhile late publications on Russia and Siberia by Mr. Gerrare and Mr. Shoemaker. Mr. Beveridge may not be as picturesque a writer as the last named, nor as authoritative as is Mr. Gerrare, but his book seems to us one of the most notable contributions yet made to the better understanding of the greatest of the Slav races. We have been too much in the habit of thinking of this race as only one of many, but after reading these pages we can put ourselves in the position of the many Russians who regard their country as the world, or at least so much of the world that the rest may be neglected. The faith of the Russians in their country as "Holy Russia" is little less than sublime. It explains to a certain extent the indomitable way in which they have moved with resistless if slow advance. Senator Beveridge tells us a great deal about this advance. He has studied it from many points of view. He has talked with many eminent Russians who are making history. He has dipped beneath the surface with infinitely more acumen than does the ordinary traveler. His book would have value in any event as the report of a remarkably interesting journey, but it has a far higher value: it is a book of reference. Especially in the present crisis will his chapters on Korea and Manchuria be read and re-read, and, at any time, those chapters which deal with the author's investigation of Russian conditions as compared with those in the United States will be of permanent merit.

Samuel Pepys: Lover of Musique. By Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O., Mus.Doc. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 126 pages. $1.50, net.

Music looms large in the pages of Pepys's immortal Diary, but in the thirty-three years which elapsed between the close of the Diary and the death of the diarist, music became a still more important subject. Pepys was a many-sided man, as we all know from the one work inseparably associated with his name. If the present volume treats of but one side of his character and inclinations, it treats of a particularly valuable side when we remember that its viewpoint is a corrective to the ordinary estimate of him. At this bicentenary of Pepys's death, Sir Frederick Bridge's volume makes a peculiar appeal.

Sketch of Chinese History (A). By Rev. F. L. Hawks Pott, D.D. Kelly & Walsh, Limited, Shanghai, China. 5½×8½ in. 219 pages. $1.50, net.

Some Famous American Schools. By Oscar Fay Adams. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 341 pages. $1.20, net.

Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century: St. Margaret's Lectures, 1903. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 265 pages. $2, net.

Canon Henson holds a prominent place among the Anglican divines who would restore to England the national religious unity that was destroyed by Archbishop Laud. He takes English religion in the seventeenth century for the field of these lectures, because that paradoxical and irrational age determined the now existing "religious constitution" of the nation. While

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the Act of Uniformity passed at the Restoration remains binding, "the National Church is in some important directions unable to advance or develop." Canon Henson's exhibition of the religious facts and forces of that fateful period, and his sketches of the men who bore an influential part therein, constitute a volume of religious history of many-sided interest to men of other churches as well as of his own.

Religion and the Public Schools[1]

The Public Schools and the Colleges

By the Rev. W. Montague Geer

"There are coming out of the public schools to-day a great mass of Anarchists." (Principal Campbell, of the Wentworth School, Chicago, New York "Sun," December 7.) Here on the firing line in Chicago we have practice in support of theory; for after this my fateful words, as sent to the college presidents, are almost an anticlimax: "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions."

Of all the presidents, Dr. Snyder alone sinks his shaft down to fundamental educational principles. He speaks in highest terms of the abiding moral influence exerted by "private" and "denominational" schools (greater even than that of country public schools) as compared with city public schools; and he concludes: "I despair of the public-school system attaining to anything like this under present methods." (This letter has received disingenuous treatment at the hands of some editors of daily and religious papers, who have found the path of least resistance too tempting.) The witness of the presidents, therefore, does not agree together. Let us now listen to other presidential testimony. President Eliot, in the November "Atlantic Monthly," reveals serious misgivings: "It is high time that a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country." Ex-President Woolsey (Yale) says: "If this [non-religious education] should be the course of opinion growing out of the doctrine of personal and family rights, will not one of two things happen—that all the churches will become disaffected toward the common schools, as the Catholics now are, and provide teaching for themselves, while the schools will be left to the *fæx infima populi;* or that some kind of compromise will be made between the sects and the State, such as all of them with one exception would now disapprove?"

President Tucker (Dartmouth), in the New York "Evening Post" of November 28, writes of the necessity of taking action "to prevent the people [of New England] from becoming actual heathen. Really many of them are very near the level of heathenism already. Religiously, the decline extends into the larger cities as well as to the small towns." The article is headed: "New England's Degeneration. Marked Evidence of Decay in the Rural Sections. Yankee Stock Losing Ground. Reinvigoration due to New Foreign Element. That is Honest, Industrious, and Moral." What does this mean, coming from the birthplace, the cradle, and the crib of the common-school system? And the only hope of reinvigoration is from the "effete civilizations" of Europe, where the pernicious system of Christian education still holds sway! (It is shown in the November "American Journal of Sociology," from the census returns, that "the foreign-born population furnishes only two-thirds as many criminals as the native born.")

President Butler (Columbia) shows scant respect for the moral and religious instruction given in Sunday-school, Church, and Home. "One of the most pitiful sights is our Protestant Sunday-schools, disorganized and taught by teachers not themselves capable of thorough teaching." "So little is the Bible read in these days that the present generation doesn't even understand the Biblical references of secular text-books." And what could be neater or completer than this: "The family has abdicated"?

President Hadley (Yale) writes in the New York "Independent," December 31: "Few of us who have looked into the statistics of education and crime are optimistic enough to deny that they are quite disappointing. . . . I confess that I share some of the apprehensions of these advocates of Church schools; but I am far from agreeing with them as to the proper remedy."

President James (Northwestern University) says in the New York "Churchman," January 2: "These higher institutions might reasonably be left by the State to the initiative of individual beneficence and of the Church." This seems to betray the cause of the children of the poor, who know no higher education.

[1] In The Outlook for November 14 we published letters from fourteen college presidents in answer to our question whether their experience justified the published declaration of the Rev. W. M. Geer, of New York City, that under our system of public-school education "we are bringing up a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions." The following letters have been received in reply to these letters of the college presidents. The subject is treated editorially on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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These opinions hopelessly complicate the situation from the presidential point of view, especially when we consider the real value of the opinions of the presidents whose witness does agree together, and when we remember that nearly all colleges are far from the centers of population, where these evils are greatest.

Of the 16,000,000 children in our public schools, very few seek admission to our colleges, and these, presumably, are the best, and quite as apt to be the expression of the highest order of home and church life as are the graduates of private and church schools. "Confession and Avoidance" is the proper plea in answer to the presidents. The facts are admitted, and many of the conclusions drawn therefrom; but their value, and their applicability to the present discussion, are respectfully denied.

One of the greatest difficulties presented by this perplexing question, which has escaped the attention of editors and presidents, is that the man, not the boy, is at the focal point. The man is the storm-center. That truth is guarded by the words, "Who, sooner or later, they or their children." Hence the clear hopelessness of looking for statistics. The probe must be put in far deeper, after the manner of President Snyder. Many immoral boys come out of church schools. Many of the best boys make the best use of State schools. But this is the vital question: After the sloughing-off process has been gone through with (for boys outgrow boyish vices), what remains to the grown man? What has he taken a firm hold of, and who and what have taken a firm hold of him? What are his moral and spiritual possessions as a father and a citizen? If he was educated by the State, his love for the Church has been diluted to that extent; and that is bad for both Church and State. Here we have serious waste on the highest levels. When the time of trouble comes, and the strongest passions are aroused on industrial questions of high importance in governmental and family life, will the State most need to draw upon men's limited stock of non-theistic science and history, or upon those rich spiritual possessions which are the resultant of men's loyalty to their Church and its ministry, and of the Church's strong hold upon their imagination, their conscience, and their heart? In the evil days to come, who will "make the men sit down"? No, it is not the policy, much less is it the right or the duty, of the State to force itself any farther than absolutely necessary between the Church and her children. Agnosticism, thus established and endowed, cannot do good work for the State. Nor can any branch of the Christian Church, worthy of so calling itself, amiably acquiesce in such irretrievable injury to the children of the poor, leading on to National suicide.

"Lusty young pagans;" a fair description of the pure product of the public schools. What a Christian or Jewish Home or Church does for the child cannot be credited to our well-nigh Godless schools. (The Supreme Court of Nebraska has just decided that reading the Bible in public schools "as a portion of religious exercise, or of itself a religious exercise," is unconstitutional.) Moral monstrosities! What else can the pure product be? But this characterization reflects upon the system, not upon the concrete boy, nor upon the home, nor upon the teachers—men and women of whom the country may well be proud.

"Will make havoc of our institutions." Sermons, editorials, political speeches, magazine articles, abound in such dismal forebodings. "Under these problems ["Religion in the Public Schools"] there lurks the most tremendous and imminent danger to which the interests of our people will ever be exposed, in comparison with which the issues of slavery and of intemperance shrink into insignificance." "Every intelligent Protestant ought to know by this time, in the light of the terrible Socialistic revolutions which are threatened, that the danger to our country in this age is infinitely more from skepticism than from superstition." "In view of the entire situation, shall we not all of us who really believe in God give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools, and from which they have been so madly perverted?" "The system of public schools must be held, in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall." (Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, Princeton Presbyterian Theological Seminary.)

"An education without religion will be the ruin of all we hold most dear" (Rev. Thomas S. Preston).

Bishop Johnston (Protestant Episcopal), of Texas, writes of "the trying days to come, when we are threatened with the overthrow of all we hold dearest, because of the influence of a godless education upon the rising generation."

If the Church and the home are sound at heart, and doing their work without need of assistance from the schools, then where do all our alarming problems come from; and why, in this year of grace, "An Appalling Epidemic of Crime in the United States," coterminous with our common-school system (see the Rev. Dr. Buckley's article in November "Century," "The Present Epidemic of Crime." Also "Increase of Crime in Chicago," "Literary Digest," December 19)? Can all this be charged to the Zeitgeist and forgotten?

In 1870 Birmingham (England) shut out religious instruction from the Board Schools. Crime increased so alarmingly that it was reinstated with good results. Later on the Australian commonwealth had the same experience.

There is a striking parallel between our times and the heroic age. "Civilization, divorced gradually from religion and relig-

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ious morality, for a time upheld society, but lay at last a hopeless wreck, until it was rebuilt upon the enduring basis of Christianity; because it could derive no life from an atmosphere which had become hopelessly impure and corrupt."

Does State education, becoming yearly more and more secularized, help or hinder us in the safe solution of our disturbing National problems: (1) the necessity of humanizing and Christianizing the negro; (2) of saving our homes from the rapidly darkening blight of divorce; (3) of harmonizing the interests of capital and labor; (4) of turning men's minds from the pernicious heresy of Socialism; (5) of stopping the increase in the number of those who sell their votes; (6) of keeping down the number of those who are discouraged or made desperate by over-education; (7) of keeping up the number of candidates for the ministry and of attendants upon religious services by compelling the churches to place their children under conscious obligations to them for their education. The writer has charged that State education touches all these problems for harm (see letters in the "Sun," October 1 and 25). Bishop Randolph, of Virginia, said recently: "He [the negro] is dependent upon parish schools. What a pity to suffer little *pagans* to pass all the educational opportunities of childhood without the Bible, the hymns, the blessed old creeds!" Where, then, in all Church history do we find such highly organized self-sacrifice among poor people as is being shown by the Roman Catholic Church, for the highest spiritual welfare of her children and for the good of the country? We cannot learn wisdom in these high relations until we have the clear-sighted manhood to look facts in the face, troublesome and perplexing though they be, giving credit where credit is due. Here we have questions full worthy of treatment by college presidents and by our best educational experts; *because our system of public schools is a new thing*, "*absolutely without precedent in the history of the human race.*" "All nations of all past ages have confessedly founded their States upon their religion. This is true of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; of China, Japan, and all else within the purview of history. The precedents of the few short-lived atheistic States of history are alike exceptional and appalling" (Dr. Hodge).

No! Christians cannot compromise Christ and his Church and the Bible out of the daily school life of Christian children; and Jews compromise the one true God and the Old Testament out of the daily school life of Jewish children; and pagans compromise pagan ethics out of the daily school life of pagan children, without imperiling our institutions and the very fabric of society. Nor in this year of grace should it be necessary for a Christian minister to emerge from obscurity to give solemn utterance to such ethical as well as Christian commonplace.

Is it not remarkable that parochial schools do such good work in spite of being undersold? What would be the success of private enterprise in groceries to-day, if the State during the last fifty years had placed on every block splendid stores in competition?

If State education is so essential, how does it happen that Herbert Spencer, "the foremost intellectual observer and sociologic authority of modern times," was earnestly opposed to both compulsory education and public schools?

If it be the function of the State to educate, she neglects an obviously imperative duty. No systematic effort is made to acquaint the children with the criminal law of the land. The State punishes for all kinds of crime, perjury, theft, murder, bigamy, and adultery; but she does not adequately teach the importance of truth-telling, the sacredness of life and property, the necessity of personal purity, and the holiness of the marriage tie. In short, she ignores the last six of the Commandments, as well as the first four.

There is a certain somewhat called "the Blessing of God," a stranger to the crucible, and not yet a negligible quantity even in the United States of America, without which governments have not been able to sustain themselves. Do Protestant Christians think that much-needed Blessing will continue to descend upon our country, if we persist in striking hands with Jews and infidels to compromise all that the religion of Christ stands for out of the daily nurture of the children of our poor?

Rome allowed each conquered nation to retain its own religion, and placed its gods in her Pantheon; and all were contented, or at least gratefully accepted the wisely offered consolation. But we are dishonoring every form of religion known to our people by our colossal and well-meant, but, in great measure, mistaken, meddling with the nursery of the Nation. To the minds of some of us, it may be said of the Ship of State that

> "Alone, in desperate liberty,
> She forges on. . . .
> Her helm obeys no firm control;
> She drifts—a prey for storms to take."

Teach the Ten Commandments

Your mode of estimating the effect of professedly non-religious education in comparison to that containing a modicum of religious instruction by appealing to the experience of heads of colleges is obviously fulsome. One would think that the result of declining to give to the children of the Nation any definite moral training would naturally and indisputably increase their chances of becoming immoral. If any one is so prejudiced and purblind as to doubt that this natural result of a system of public education which ignores any definite moral instruction has not come to pass, let him consider these facts:

Mr. McDonald, the specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, in his

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statistics of crime for 1902, says: "In the last thirty or forty years there has been an increase (relative to the population) in crime," . . . "the proportion of crime committed by children is very great," . . . "forty-five per cent. of those convicted of larceny were under twenty-one," . . . "suicide among children has greatly increased," . . . "the proportion of crime from sixteen to twenty-one is much higher than at any age." That is just after they leave school. The judge of the Juvenile Court in Denver avers that fifty per cent. of the boys of this community are dishonest; that out of a generation of ten thousand boys two thousand have been in jail. In 1899, before boys were drafted to reformatories, in Chicago there were 17,300 prisoners under sixteen. Some twenty-five years ago the French secularized their public-school education; at once juvenile crime began to increase. In 1886 there were in Paris 5,606 prisoners under sixteen; in 1888 they had increased to 7,651. The following year M. Guillot, one of the best-known French judges, called public attention to the fact that this increase was coincident with the secularization of the public instruction. One would think that "a wayfaring man, though he be a fool," would have been assured of this; and yet this Nation, "the 'cutest on earth," is blind to the fact that if you do not train the moral faculties, if the education by which you seek to mold the plastic character of a child does not create a principle of energy which shall enable him to resist his passions and unlawful desires, then of a surety that child will be immoral; unless his environment happens to be such as supplies this glaring defect, he cannot be otherwise than a menace to himself and society.

One would think a casual glance at this table would startle our educators:

In 1850 there was one criminal to every	3,442 of the population.
In 1860	1,647
In 1870	1,021
In 1880	837
In 1890	715

(The census tables of the last census have not, as far as I know, yet appeared.)

Or take this table of murders, which was given in a charge of Judge Colver to the Grand Jury at St. Joseph two or three years ago:

In the United States in 1886 there were	1,146 murders.
7	2,335
8	2,884
9	3,176
1890	4,290
1	5,906
2	6,791
3	6,613[1]
4	9,800
5	10,121
6	14,000 nearly.

Suicides have increased in the same way; until now one death in every sixty-five is either a murder or a suicide.

And, for the sad want of teaching moral restraint and personal responsibility, the suicides of women and children are rapidly increasing.

Sir, why not teach the Ten Commandments in the public schools? They contain no ecclesiasticism; they are the only invariable standard of righteousness mankind has ever possessed; and they carry with them a mighty incentive to keep them. If the child of an infidel should say, "My father don't believe God ever said 'em," let the master reply to him, with a cane in his hand, "Well, I say them, and if you break any of them I will mark the number of it on your bare back with this cane, and multiply the strokes by the times you repeat the offense," and juvenile crime would stop increasing and so would all crime.

Denver, Colorado. H. MARTYN HART.

[1] The year of the panic.

Throws the College Presidents Out of Court

Should not the "testimony" given by the nineteen college presidents in the last issue of your magazine, which states that our public schools are not irreligious and do not tend to irreligion and immorality, be thrown out of court? What value is any testimony based upon an extremely small minority of the products of our public schools, especially when that minority is selected and the best? It is well known to all persons interested in our public schools that a large majority do not reach our high schools, not to mention the colleges, and so go out into the life of the world strangers to our college presidents. I ask you and your readers to compare President Eliot's "testimony" with an address he delivered at New Haven, Connecticut, on October 17, 1902, and then each to decide for himself how much such "testimony" is worth. EDWARD H. KEENS.

Norwell, Massachusetts.

Eulogizes Denominational Schools

I notice in this week's issue of The Outlook the statements of nineteen college presidents to the effect that public-school pupils are the equals if not the superiors of those educated in private schools. I fail to see how these answers can have any weight upon the subject, since the presidents might jeopardize their future enrollment by condemning so many future applicants to their colleges as irreligious and lawless. Then, again, irreligion or lawlessness does not show itself in the tender years of young manhood on a college campus, where certain rules are laid down, and all matters systematized so that no one man can show his individuality to any extent.

It is a well-known fact that irreligion and know-nothingism is the bane of these days, and where else can you find the source of it but in the institutions where our young are trained? In the public school the Jew sits alongside the Baptist, the Baptist by the Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholic by the

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Protestant, etc., which is of course a good method to inculcate religious toleration in our young, but again they cannot avoid the quibbing or coarse jesting of each other on their different beliefs, and this jesting finally breeds a contempt for all religious forms in the minds of the jester and his victim, with the result that he grows up indifferent to God and a scoffer of all things supernatural; then there is no teaching to offset this unfortunate state of affairs. Now, how different in the denominational school. The pupil knows that all in the room are endeavoring to secure divine favor by a certain sectional teaching; they admire, love, and respect that teaching; they stand by one another, for they are taught that there is but one aim in life—that is God; that to secure that end they must be honest, truthful, just, and respectful. Every day they receive little religious exercise, which teaches them to know God and respect him; their whole atmosphere is goodness and morality, with the result that they grow up God-fearing men and good citizens.

I do not denounce the public schools, but simply the methods of conducting them. In my mind a certain time should be set aside for religious training, different denominations should be given certain parts of the school-house at a certain time each day for the purpose of giving that instruction necessary to gain eternal life and honorable citizenship to our children, for nothing can be better for the preservation of our Union than to teach men to love and fear their God.

New York City. W. J. OSGOOD.

Value of Denominational Schools Questioned

Are not quite a little money and a great deal of effort foolishly expended by the Congregational people on their denominational academies? Why should Christians be exhorted and coaxed to give, and even threatened with ecclesiastical censure if they do not give time and thought and money to support an academy situated under the shadow of high schools? By looking at the last report of the Congregational Education Society I find that the expense of running two academies in Wisconsin last year was $6,788; one in Illinois, $12,655; one in Minnesota, $9,021; two in Iowa, $11,031; two in Missouri, $6,415; making a total of $45,910. Is it possible that there are no first-class public schools in Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri—possibly not within walking distance in every case, but within a reasonable traveling distance? Why not spend our time in trying to induce the boys and girls in the isolated districts to leave home to attend the public schools instead of leaving home to attend the denominational schools which we maintain with such heroic effort and great expense? I also find that the Education Society last year gave part of the nearly $4,600 expended on the denominational academies referred to. How can the National Society justify any such expenditure of $2,500 if the public schools produce as high or even a higher grade of pupils morally and religiously as the denominational schools? It seems to me that we ought to do one of two things: either decide that the public schools have as good an effect upon character as the denominational schools, and close up some of our academies, or that the public schools are not doing the work we desire and do more for the academies in the way of students' equipment and endowment. For, as President Thwing has said, "It [the academy] should have an equipment and force of instructors equal to that possessed by the best high schools in the large cities." We ought to do either less or more for our academies. In order that we may act wisely, will the Education Society tell us which to do? Possibly The Outlook has an answer.

B. H. BURT,
Pastor First Congregational Church.

Ludington, Michigan.

A Course in Morals

I have read with much interest the article in The Outlook of November 14, "Our Public Schools," by nineteen college presidents. I am glad to note that you are interested in moral training in the schools. Under separate wrapper I am sending you a copy of the Illinois State Course of Study, and wish to call your attention to the work in "Morals and Manners" beginning on page 161 of the State Course. This edition of the State Course came from the press the first of July, and to date more than thirty-eight thousand copies have been sold. It is placed in the hands of the country school teachers of Illinois, and with some slight changes has been adopted by the State Superintendent of Kansas, and by individual county superintendents in a number of other States.

C. M. PARKER.

Taylorville, Illinois.

[This course includes instruction in such themes as Cleanliness and Neatness, Gentleness, Kindness, Truthfulness, Obedience, Respect and Reverence, Forgiveness, Confession, Honesty, Courage, Humility, Temperance, Industry, Patriotism. No text-book is prescribed; but under each general theme subdivisions are suggested.—THE EDITORS.]

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A College Luncheon

Prepared with suggestions for serving
by MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

Make the Sandwiches of Sliced Chicken, Lettuce, bits of Bacon and mayonnaise with bread toasted on one side. Accompany each with a couple of golden brown cheese balls.

The Nesselrode Pudding is composed of ice-cream molded in balls and then rolled in Macaroon crumbs.

The feature of this menu is NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS, a dessert wafer to be had in many favorite flavors—Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry or Mint.

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Women, You Have No Right To Be Ill

—no right to be awkward or unsightly. What stands between you and health, beauty, a good figure? Isn't it simply ignorance—ignorance of yourself and Nature's laws?

THAT'S IT EXACTLY. I wish I could talk to you five minutes. I could then convince you that I am very much in earnest. But as I cannot talk to you (because so many others need me) I will write to you, if you will just write to me.

I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOURSELF—you individually—and what I can do for you. I want to make you understand that I can really give you health, beauty, and a good figure. I'll send you some intensely interesting letters from other women whom I have helped, if you will let me, and

I WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO to rid yourself of the misery of constipation, indigestion, poor, cold, stagnant blood, liability to cold, weakness, lame back and limbs, nervousness, obesity, and troubles peculiar to women. I will teach you how to build up your body by intelligent exercises requiring just fifteen minutes a day.

I WILL MAKE YOU A WELL WOMAN, and in making you well I will bring your figure to symmetrical proportions by reducing prominent abdomens and hips, building up your neck, bust, and chest, enrich your blood, and give you a fine color, a clear skin, bright eyes, and the delightful personal magnetism of perfect fullness of physical life. I will teach you to beathe and give you a fine poise and carriage, and the result will be an almost inconceivable brightening of your mind and of your view of life. I will make the world look sweeter to you and you look sweeter to the world.

Here are a few words from my friends:

"It seems to me that you understand me, Miss Cocroft, and I want to tell you that your letters do me about as much good as the exercises, and I read them quite as often."

"Before I began your exercises you could have counted every rib in my body; now they are well covered, my flesh is firm, my nerves steady, and my muscles in fine condition, and I have had neither colds in my head nor indigestion, though I was subject to both. I have gained eight pounds in flesh, but eight hundred times that amount in feeling. The benefit your exercises have been to me is inestimable. I use the word advisedly, and I cannot tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for having helped me to come into my own again—health and strength and happiness—and there cannot be one without the other. I never felt better in my life, and you may be assured that I shall keep up the exercises as long as I live."

"It is five weeks last night since I began to practice my first lesson, and I find that my bust is improving, becoming firmer and higher. My neck is filling out and my skin is clear, my eyes brighter, and I walk much better, sit better, stand better, and feel better in every way. My husband is so proud and pleased with the change in my general appearance that seeing his pleasure I cannot help but be happy over it."

"I have but two more lessons to take and I am sorry, because I have enjoyed reading your letters more than I can tell, and your words of sympathy and hope have done much for me."

IS IT WORTH WHILE? Write and ask me for some of the letters other women have sent me. I'll send them—and a word just for yourself too. If you enclose ten cents in stamps I will send you a card with the outlines of a perfect figure to place on your dresser, and a booklet showing correct lines of the body in poise and movement. Every mother should keep this outline before growing children.

Don't wait. Write to-day, please—I have so much good news to tell you.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 295
57 WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft is the President of the Physical Culture Extension work in America. This is sufficient introduction to the public.

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MINER HIT

A Gold Miner on the Coffee Question

Many a rugged constitution has broken down by use of offee.

"I and my son are miners and have been strong coffee rinkers. I will add, I followed mining for fifty years. Nearly ree years ago my son had palpitation of the heart so bad at after a hard day's work he would be almost unable to get is breath when lying down, and I was a victim of constipaon, headache, and could not sleep soundly.

"So I pulled up stakes one day and started to see a doctor, nd curiously enough, an old acquaintance I met on the way eered me off. We stopped and talked and told each other ll the news, and I told him about our troubles. He said it as coffee doing the work and that using Postum in place of offee cured him of almost exactly the ailments I described.

"So instead of going to the doctor's I sent for some Postum, lthough I did not have much faith in it, but to my great joy turned out all right, and after we quit coffee completely we oth began to get well, kept it up, and are now both of us trong well men with none of the old troubles. A miner is upposed to be able to stand great hardships, but we could not tand coffee. It was killing us. Anyone following the direcions on the package of Postum will have a far better drink han he can get from the best coffee.

"I think every coffee toper should know Postum will cure im of his ailments, besides it is such a refreshing drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Coffee hurts nearly all who drink it and soaks some people ery hard. There is a sure way out of the trouble by quitting offee and using Postum.

And "there's a reason."

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, 'The Road to Wellville."

HOLIDAY APPEAL of The CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

The Children's Aid Society desires to make a Happy Christmas or the poor children of the city. Our Lodging Houses and Temporary Homes give shelter to many hundreds of homeless boys and girls, and thousands of poor children, frequently half-clad and hungry, are taught and cared for in our Industrial Schools. Will you not help us to make Christmas bright to those who enjoy so very few pleasures, with gifts of clothing, shoes, etc., and Christmas dinners? We especially ask for funds to enable us to send homeless children to the country, where they will be adopted into good families and grow up surrounded by the best home influence.

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THIRTY DOLLARS will enable us at our Farm School to train a homeless street boy for farm life and enable him to earn an honest living.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will provide nourishing, hot dinners for one month to the hungry children who attend one of our Industrial Schools.

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